The Sea People/SAILORMAN

"SAILING"

Sailing thru the everchanging tides of life,
I listen to the wind,
And my heart starts to sing —
How can I begin to tell you what it means to be,
When all you are is everything, you deep, blue sea.

I sail at sunrise or at night lit by the moon;
The mysteries unfold,
Of life that won't grow old
And seashells echo roars of laughter deep beneath the waves,
In paradise, sweet paradise!

Diving thru the coral reefs
A new world opens up —
Fluorescent angels swimming by,
Rainbows just like in the sky.
Thank you life for all the beauty that exists so free,
Especially when sailing on the deep, blue sea.

— Maryanne Horowitz.

No. 3 **December 1984**

Somwhere in the last issue of the Sea People/Sailorman, I wrote that each issue is like a design, that, in the process of creation, develops it's own personality. The major themes of the last issue of the Sea People/ Sailorman were of wild storms, hulls flying in the air and profound questing thoughts.

One cannot always live at such high intensity and as the material for this Sea People/Sailorman is assembled, a quieter theme is beginning to evolve on day to day construction, engines and of how to "SAIL" our boats more efficiently and well.

Below is a report of the new Committee Meeting of the PCA held at the August bank holiday meeting in Devoran and within that report you can see that a lot of the high drama has been left behind.

So this issue of the Sea People/ Sailorman is like a ship sailing peaceably after the storm, nothing so clear cut and startling, but hopefully, pleasurable and peaceful.

Two Hitias in the race of Devoran Regatta - Hanneke left, Andrew Gilding right

In Britain this year we had a marvellous summer. I spent most of the time in 'Dolphin Link' training, trying to instruct every two weeks, a fresh group of 6–8 'dolphin freaks' to realise that dolphins live in the sea; that the way to observe, meet them, is by boat; that boatlife/ building and sailing has little resemblance to urban living; that, if you do not learn boatlife, building and sailing fast, you either injure the boat, others or yourself.

I thought that owning a suit or two, which I wear on visits to London, made me part of the city/urban scene. I have been kidding myself; from my observation of the predominantly urban Dolphin Link people I am totally different from urban Man. Why I had not realised this before, is because the vast majority of Wharram builders are as 'Maverick' as I am; not all in the same way, but definitely not "Urban Man".

By the time the annual Devoran summer meeting came, when 100 people signed the visitors book, I was a gibbering wreck. I had assumed that the meeting was a disaster, but very kind people assured me that they really did enjoy it. A whole lamb was eaten (in addition to the dishes for the vegetarians). 9 boats turned up, with the Prusak's Tangaroa Mk. IV 'Amanda' from Finland as the furthest travellers coming to attend the meeting. If I offended anybody by going totally blank on them, mixing up their names, boat names, or wandering away in the midst of the conversation, blame the 'Dolphin Link' people.

For the benefit of those who were not there, Devoran village decided to hold for the first time in 30 years, its annual regatta. So we joined in. They fired guns for Hitia racing (Hanneke lost, in a very tight race, sailing her Hitia against the Belgian Hitia owned by the Vleugels and sailed by Andrew Gilding). We joined in the sailboard racing (lost), put the outrigger canoe in the canoe race (lost), joined in the rowing/running . . . (won). The village vicar was there, the "Bobby", the local pub in a beertent, a whole pig roasting, tea cakes, raffles . . . It was a 100% "National Geographic" scene, a scene into which we were all welcomed.

On the Sunday of the three day meeting, the new P.C.A. committee sat, with the Chairman (who could not attend in person) standing by at the other end of the telephone line in London in case of need, the meeting was run by the steely-eyed treasurer (Andrew Beard) saying "I want a budget of that" or "How much, you must know how much?"

I said little, still recovering from the night before. I gathered that the committee likes the Sea People/Sailorman, (but "you could improve this, write more about this"). Indeed, they see the P.C.A. as centering on the magazine, as the core of the worldwide group of Wharram builders, transcending local and national groups, the annual subscriptions are to be used only to run and support the magazine. All local and national meetings, including the British ones, are to be self-financing.

Mike Barker's (the new secretary) ideas for the London Boat Show meeting were, that it should be held at a pleasant hall, run like the early P.C.A. AGMs for several hours, during which, members could meet each other. The "Business" kept to a minimum and formally invited speakers to attend. Already, the committee has booked the beautiful Cruising Association Hall at St. Catherine's Docks, from 4.30 p.m. to 11 p.m. on Saturday, 12th January, 1985, giving plenty of time to meet and chat. After the "Business" part, lectures and films will be given. Outstanding lectures and photos will be printed in the Spring issue of the Sea People/Sailorman magazine, so everyone, no matter where they live in the world, in some way or other can take part.

The next Summer meeting (1985) was also discussed. We asked some of the skippers who turned up at the Devoran meeting, what they thought of the *August Bank Holiday* meeting held in Devoran. From a practical and sailing point of view, which included the problems of school holidays, particularly the non-British school holidays, which are earlier in the year, they said it might be an advantage to time the summer meeting *earlier* in the year so it can be a planned part of a summer cruise for many more people. This is being looked into.

Monday of the summer meeting was the great sail out, beyond Falmouth into the Helford river (known to the Daphne DuMaurier romantics as 'Frenchmans Creek') out to beyond the Manacles, Ron Blake on 'Four Hands' (Narai Mk. IV) was made the Admiral, and in classic yachting style of pre-1900, we were supposed to follow him in formation, exchanging crews and courtesies. Clever people those old time sailors must have been!

We, an undisciplined lot, could not keep formation, did very little crew changing, a general attitude of "lets enjoy ourselves" permeated the lovely Cornish scene.

I suppose we should have raced, done man overboard drill and all the obvious things.

Perhaps next year??

The Sea People/SAILORMAN

The Magazine of the Polynesian Catamaran Association

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Cover Photograph:
Samppa Liedes' TIKI sailing 90 km south of the Arctic circle in Finland.

Ocean Cruising

Yin Yang in the Algarve

by John Shores

4 March 84

At the age of twenty-one I started building my Tehini, YinYang, with the help of my then wife Annas, and a friend or two, having known since early childhood that a sailing vessel I must have, and since my late teens, that she would be a polynesian catamaran. Over four years came the slow, grim realisation of the size of the task that I had undertaken, of the frustration of having to work, to earn money, and only being able to build evenings and weekends. The necessary narrowing of vision, from dreams of sailing in the future, to the immediate completion of a stage of construction. Everything in your life becomes subservient to the building of the boat. This is necessary if you are ever to finish, many don't.

In 1978 I left my last regular job, I left Annas – in friendship, for, though she had worked hard, she decided the life was not for her, and I moved aboard YinYang. YinYang was built in Buckinghamshire, (it is a mistake to build so far from the sea, and people that understand boats), and launched on the Thames, with short temporary crossbeams, so as to enable her to fit through the locks. She was towed down to the Essex Coast, from whence I came. Then followed five contented years of exploring the East Coast, with occasional forays down Channel, but always returning to one mellow magic creek in a land/sea where magic creeks are common-place.

I find Yin Yang no problem to tack, if I want to be absolutely sure she won't miss stays, if space is tight, I can back the jib and mizzen, but in normal conditions I don't find this necessary.

Although at first I intended to have an engine, two years of sailing without one was enough to return me to my boyhood dream of an engineless sailing craft. I don't particularly like engines, I loath working on them, and no engine at all is definitely preferable to an ill maintained one.

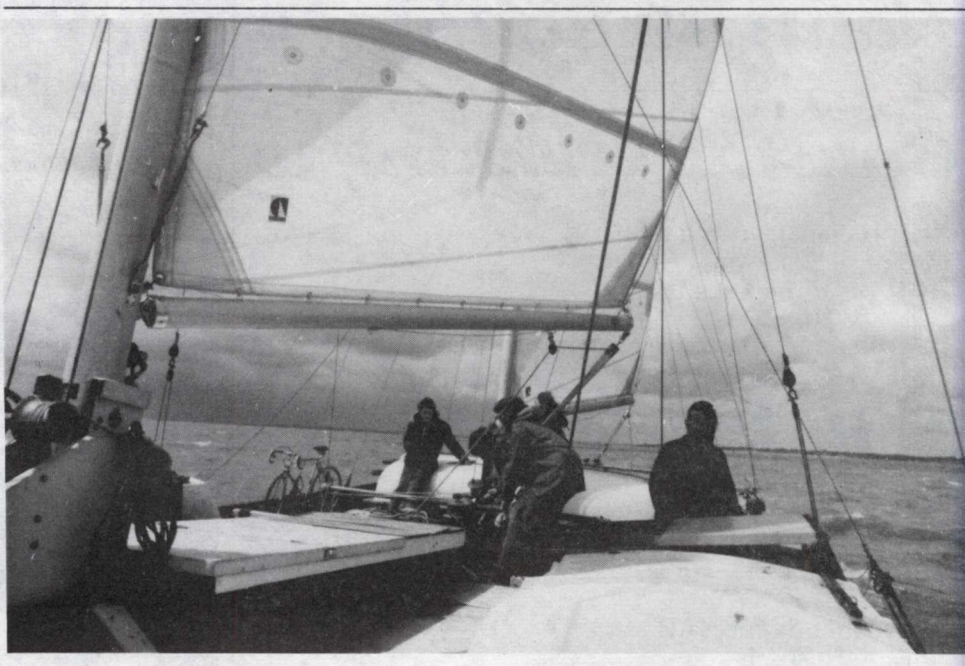
I find YinYang no problem to tack, if I want to be absolutely sure she won't miss stays, if space is tight, I can back the jib and mizzen, but in normal conditions I don't find this necessary. Without an engine, there are obviously places that present difficulties, and some that are maybe impossible, but these are places that I prefer not to go to: small man-made harbours and marineas. I prefer rivers and creeks myself, and there are plenty of those open to a shallow draught Wharram with or without an engine, that are closed to those deep keel vessels with big diesels. So to those of you facing the big engine dilemma, no engine is a feasible option.

It has its drawbacks of course, every system has, you sometimes have to anchor and wait where others will motor on, and I've had some hairy moments too, but without an engine you tend to habitually allow big, big safety margins, and think a long way ahead, whereas with an engine that is 99% reliable, it is easy to get caught out on the hundredth time. My Tehini is fairly standard, and as I have said tacks well, and sails to windward well. So when I meet people who say that their Wharram won't tack or sail to windward, I wonder why. I did think that the cut of sails was of major importance, it obviously helps, but my friend Mike O'Sullivan with his extended Tane Nui, first sailed her with some really beat up baggy dinghy sails, she tacked and went to windward, albeit slow, so now I'm not so sure.

OCEAN CRUISING

One of the reasons why we came to live on the Fal Estuary, Cornwall, is that it is the 'jumping off' place for the yachts heading south across the Bay of Biscay to the Mediterranean, Canaries and beyond. This year, at the PCA summer meeting at Devoran, 24th – 28th August, three of the yachts were on their way south and anchored in Falmouth, taking on their final stores. They were joined by a sleek, black TEHINI, that had just sailed in from the south, Portugal, its decks piled high with gaily – Portuguese fashion – painted dinghies, some oars brought back from Portugal as a trading venture, genuine, old fashioned fisherman's Sou'westers, guaranteed, so I have heard, to keep the rain off the spectacles of those of us who have to wear them. This was John Shores aboard his TEHINI "YinYang".

John Shores sails his "YinYang" without an engine, so his article is important to a large number of the Sea People/Sailorman readers, for, as we shall be discussing later in the magazine, many Wharram builders are having difficulties in SAILING their boats without the use of an engine in tight spots or hard sailing to windward. What John Shores has also revealed in the two articles sent to us, is that at the moment, for Europeans, there is an ideal sailing destination of lagoons, sandy beaches and friendly people. I write "at the moment" because areas like this, once discovered, are often quick to change under the influx of wealthy tourists. So, for us northern European sailors, there is a relatively short journey of little more than 1000 sea miles to a place we have dreamed of whilst building our boats.



Some weight on board helps a lot I've found – inevitable if you live aboard anyway – but not too much in the ends.

YinYang was economically built, with Douglas fir exterior ply, galvanised screws, Aerolite 306 mostly, with resorcinol glue for stem/stern, keels etc. and cascover sheathed.

Now, seven years on, there are no major problems, I've built foredecks down to the fore hatches, after carrying away one of the forward bulwarks whilst beating to windward in a force 9 – not an every day occurence – thank God. I've strengthened the deck under the crossbeams, as I noticed the deck was being bowed by the beams. Two 10ft. x 4" x 4" lengths of elm, bolted outside each keel, simply to protect the sheathing when drying out on hard things.

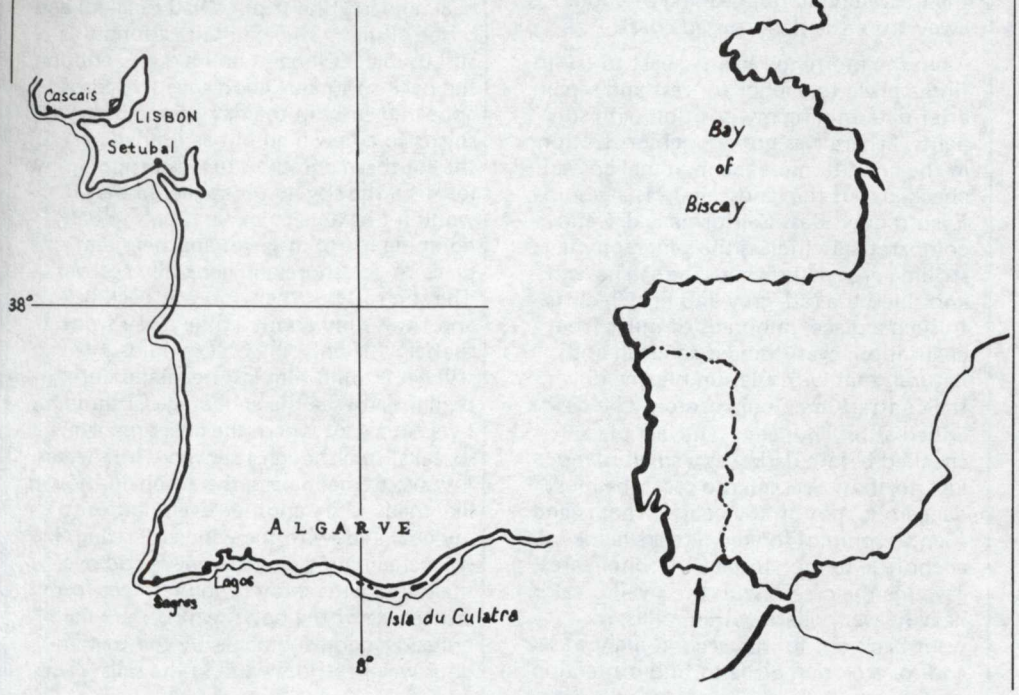
Now, ten years on from the first saw cut, I'm writing this in the sun, ensconced in a lagoon, by an Island off the southern coast of Portugal.

This is a part of it, but for me, I was living my ideal from the first day I moved aboard YinYang. The days with leaden skies and snow laden decks, sitting around a blazing wood stove, snug, with other boatdwellers, drinking endless cups of tea. The empty words of those that take it upon themselves to tell you "you can't leave that there boat here you know", are mercifully few and far between, and usually best ignored.

Also the many more visits from those that say "I wish I could do what you're doing" – anyone can, you just have to want to enough.

In autumn 82, we planned to cross the Bay of Biscay. We were too late in the year, the gales came, some boats returned battered and with seashocked crews, one or two never returned at all. I decided to winter in Cornwall; no great matter, I enjoyed living in the West Country that time. In July last year we sailed from Falmouth in a brisk N.E'ly, 5½ days later we dropped anchor at Cascais, at the mouth of the Tagus River. Only 5½ days, but another world, a world of hot sun, palm trees, brown skinned laughing people. Then on South, down to the Ilha du Culatra, where we met up with my old friend and neighbour from Arlesford Creek, Mike O'Sullivan, whose first words were "can you lend us a tenner"?

Tehini 'Yin Yang' and Mike O'Sullivan's TANENUI off the Ilha du Culatra.



Now, seven months later, we are still here – its been a good winter, people have come and gone in boats and a handful of us have been here all winter. John and Diane Bellenger (originally from Toronto) were here a little while with their Oro, "Pyxis", lovely people, we hope to meet them again sometime, we had a letter from the Canaries from them, perhaps they are in Barbados by now.

The Islanders themselves have been so warm and generous towards us that it will be very sad when we eventually leave. We have made many friends, we will never forget them.

Later on back to England with a small cargo. I want to spend some more time amongst the rivers and creeks of the East Coast before friends and places become strangers, and before I voyage elsewhere.

So if you are thinking of building:– It is hard, not technically, but be honest with yourself about your capability for single minded sustained effort, the bigger the boat the harder it is, if in doubt, build small, don't be tempted by a larger design because a few feet won't be that much difference, it does!

Better a sailing Surfcat than an unfinished Tehini. To those at present a-building, Courage mon braves, these are good sailing boats and were I to have unlimited funds, I can't think of one that would suit me better.

Thank you to all those who have helped me along the way – there are many, they all count.

Coastal Cruising

The 26' Tikiroa Pahi coastal trek design has been overshadowed by the easier built more easily trailed Tiki 21 design, and as builders who are building will know, we have lagged behind in providing drawings to the quality of the Tiki 21 design, but, Tikiroas are getting built, and are being sailed. There was one sailing in the Mediterranean this summer, from the mainland of France, to Corsica. My Belgian friend and agent Marcel Vleugels has written that it sails like a big Tiki 21. This design, like the new Tiki 26 described elsewhere in this issue, because they can be trailed and beached, I would describe as a coastal trekker, but, in the length of the voyages they undertake, and the hardness of the weather conditions they endure, they are obviously coming into the coastal cruising category, and presumably it is only a matter of time before some of them end up in the ocean cruising category.

It is interesting that Glen Tieman found at his journey's end, his dream place; a warm sunny area of kindly, friendly fishermen. Years ago, I always used to think that the dream places were always on the other side of the Earth, but John Shores' and Glen's articles show that they can be much closer than we imagine.

Down the Mexican Coast by TIKIROA

by Glen Tieman

Unfortunately, Glen Tieman's photo of 'PEREGRINE' does not reproduce. This is Fabian Van Severen's TIKIROA, which Marcel Vleugels sailed on.

I've been having a real adventure! Two and one half months ago I left San Diego telling everyone that I was just going to Ensenada in case that was all the distance I felt like going in my little catamaran. A friend, Dan, went with me those first 60 miles, who from great experience was able to help me in the transition from life in the Big American City, to cruising and exploring the Baja Wilderness. We stopped at Isla de Todes Santos, just off Ensenada, anchoring in a tiny deep cove surrounded by rocky cliffs and crashing waves. It was both an extremely exhilarating and extremely terrifying feeling, the swells roll under the hulls seconds before smashing into mist on the volcanic rim surrounding us. It was too dangerous, a sailor would go crazy from anxiety if he chose many such anchorages. That air though, was just magic, heavily ionized like under a waterfall. Being determined that 'Peregrine' would remain a vehicle as opposed to an anchor, I left her alone while we explored the Island, despite my anxiety. Like most of the islands along Baja, this one was inhabited by a few destitute fishermen living in shacks thrown together from plywood, corrugated steel, cardboard and anything else which may have drifted up on the beach. But to our surprise, we also met a gringo outside one of these shacks. He was an adventurous American surfer, who for about a year had been enjoying the more relaxed culture of Baja. There are many more people exploring this peninsula without boats than with, it seems.

After a week in Ensenada, saying goodbye to Dan, replacing the blackened mirrors in my sextant (a story in itself) I went to sea again, this time alone. It was after dark when I reached the cove I intended to anchor in, so I sailed on but didn't want to backtrack, because my capacity to sail upwind was already seriously impaired by damage. The wind had been blowing hard the last few days in Ensenada, hard enough to cause several boats to drag anchor, maybe 30 knots. Since I was going downwind I thought I could handle it but only twenty miles from the city, the clew reef cringle ripped out the mainsail in an unintentional gybe, confirming my suspicion that used Hobie cat sails, although fast and cheap, are far too light. Running with so much wind, the mainsail really isn't wanted anyway, but tacking upwind is difficult without, so all that night I surfed on down the waves at incredible speeds with only the little staysail up, heading offshore away from the dark rugged coast.

In the morning I headed east to try to find a place to anchor for rest and repairs, after determining my position with sun sights. There was not enough protection in the conditions at the marginal coves I checked, but the landscape was awesome. Even though Baja California is dry and comparatively lifeless the geography is striking especially where the sea has cut and rilled the red, grey and brown cliffs. In such a place, hundreds of miles from civilisation, everything is so clean and natural, that with the sun blazing down, the contrast in colours can only be described as psychodelic. The last place I checked before dark was a small island just north of Sacramento reef, the most dangerous spot on the coast. That island (San Geronimo) looked like a suicide anchorage to me. In fact the whole area gave me the creeps with the swell breaking heavily everywhere within miles, so I went back out for my second night at sea and for a certain place to find protection.

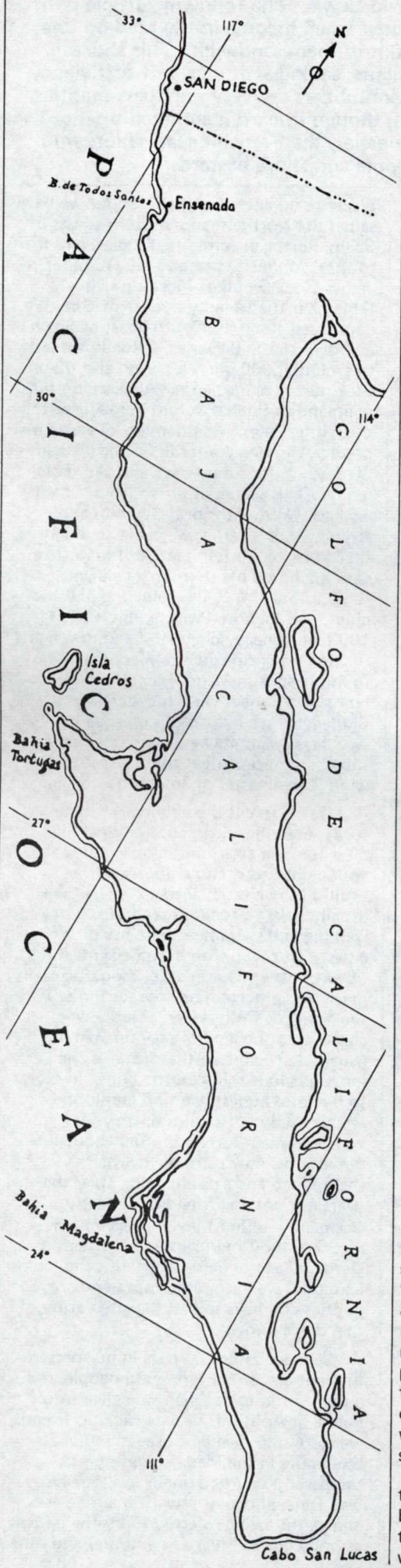
My destination was Cedros Island which is very prominent on maps about one third of the way down the peninsula from the US. I headed across the 100 mile wide bay still sailing fast, but by now very exhausted and cold and wet. I tried and tried to get the boat to steer herself downwind, but finally decided that without the mainsail to give some weather helm it wasn't possible with a sheet to tiller system. In retrospect I may have had better luck had I put out the sea anchor to hold the stern into the waves, and slept as well as possible for a few hours listening to the waves sssss – BANG!

The next morning the wind was lighter so after a struggle, I got the parachute back aboard (the tripline had tangled) and raised all sail. The mainsail I found was still usable, as long as no load was put on the back so I made good speed. Cedros appeared early in the day bringing my spirits to a new high but as I sailed past to the southern end the sun was dropping lower in the sky and it appeared that I wouldn't be able to make it before dark, dooming me to miss yet another great place to go ashore and generally recover. The sun set, but the wind was back up and I was only about a mile away from shelter. "If only the breeze holds I can still get around that last headland during twilight and see the anchorage" I thought. I was in a spot where the chart reports 'Breaks' so although I saw no white water I was extremely alert, the adrenalin flowing like mad. Only another five minutes to my goal and, with the wind still rising, I was screaming down the swells and over the crests with spray flying ten feet from either side of the bows, which were depressed a good six inches by the tremendous weight of the wind in the sails. This

was faster than I'd ever sailed before. The wave crests were exploded out of my path by 'Peregrine's' bow. "Definitely a go for situation" I recklessly thought, unwilling to slow down when I needed speed even if this was too much speed. Just as I rounded the headland I saw darker water only 100ft. away. I knew it was a fatal sign but with only a second to react I was paralyzed, mesmerised by the extremity of the exhilaration. When I entered the venture the noise was deafening from the wind howling and the water flying. I looked aloft and was terrified to see the mast flexing and pumping right down to the deck into various 'S'-shapes. It lasted only a second before the masthead pointed towards the horizon, let go with a crack like a gunshot, and the top three feet of mast was on deck. It was actually a relief to have some sail off and my speed reduced. Since by now I was very close to my intended anchorage, only further offshore, I put an anchor out which fortunately found bottom at 30 fathoms and held all night.

Why did it happen? Obviously, poor seamanship, but besides that, I knew before I left San Diego that the mast was too weak! I had gotten an old solid wood spar for $20, scarfed another couple of feet on top and reinforced it with carbon fiber donated by a friend who worked in the aerospace industry. The resulting stick looked great; slender, light and aerodynamically shaped with a taper to about 2" x 4" at the top and rigged to rotate like a wing mast. But it was clear once I started sailing, that this mast wasn't strong enough for a masthead rig and I was already planning to re-rig the boat with the new 'Wingsail' rig. So when the mast broke under those conditions I wasn't surprised or really very upset. It only meant that the re-rig would have to take place in Mexico. If the mast had broken lower down, there would have been much more of a problem in dealing with the staysail. What a sail to be left with! I had made it myself from heavy olive green army canvas and was practically laughed out of San Diego Bay as the result. That sail though took me the next 500 miles, averaging nearly 100 miles per day, even faithfully driving upwind at times.

After a few days at Isla Cedros I sailed on to Bahia Tortugas (Turtle Bay). Entering the wonderfully sheltered bay right at dusk, so filled me with relief and joy at the unspoiled beauty that was surrounded by dolphins, birds and whales, I laughed and yelled with happiness. The town of Bahia Tortugas is surprisingly large, but very isolated with no paved roads within 50 miles. I find the culture of the Mexican people in Baja, fascinating and refreshing. Although by American standards these sea-people are unbelievably impoverished, they don't want for the basics of food and shelter and I think since materialism is not so dominating and ubiquitous, the folks are more happy. The town is like a big family, since everyone is either a fisherman or works in the cannery. Fish isn't even sold in the town because everyone has it and I found it easy to trade a magazine (or a T-shirt at a pinch) for a bucket full of shrimps. There were always about half a dozen other yachts there, but only once did I see another gringo in town. The others were all large, expensive keelboats; I felt an individual amongst individuals.



From Turtle Bay, I hitched a ride to the highway then bused back to San Diego, leaving 'Peregrine' alone while I spent a week purchasing a new mast (only $170 for the correct item from a tubing supply company), wood, epoxy, sailcloth, etc. A friend who was planning the trip anyway, agreed to meet me with the supplies further down the coast.

With no further problems, I cruised on down to our rendezvous point about 200 miles south of Turtle Bay at Puerto San Carlos in Magdalena Bay. Magdalena Bay is a huge shallow estuary with a deep channel leading from the entrance 20 miles upwind to the port. Without an engine and with my devastated rig it would have been impossible to get up to San Carlos if my boat had had a keel. As it was though, I had a very enjoyable, even if slow, tacks ten miles across to the mangroves and back ignoring the buoys completely. During the month I stayed in San Carlos, yachts stopped for fuel every day but none took the time to explore the sleepy little village they were at, with only one exception. No doubt one reason for this is that the anchorage by the pier gets some pretty steep chop, but that wasn't a problem for me because I pulled right up on the beach, where at low tide I could walk ashore and easily work on the boat. Every day my new amigos would visit me and try to teach me Spanish, or watch me work, or share a beer with me and watch the flow of life around us. One day the dolphins kept us laughing with amazement with rushes into water only a half meter deep, accompanied by pelicans and frigate birds in an intense splashing, crying, swooping attempt to catch the fish jumping ahead of them. Travelling can be a return to childhood, when everything is new and fascinating, as long as the traveller doesn't bring too much of his accustomed world with him or doesn't insulate himself in an 'adult' world of hotels or cockpits. On that humble muddy beach in Magdalena Bay I was immersed in the land and culture of Mexico, and loved it. Besides working on the boat and socialising I spent my time catching up on reading, taking long walks, cooking tortillas and watching the manoeuvers of ships at the pier. And by the time I left San Carlos with my new mast in place I was hungry for new horizons and to see what was awaiting me at the great promised land for California sailors, lands end, Cabo San Lucas.

To summarise my feelings about the boat this far, she has justified herself already many times over and is an unqualified success. If I had rigged her according to the plans I'm sure I'd have had no problems at all although I think that the 'wingsail' rig will be better than anything. I offer my sincere thanks for making this trip possible; no other boat would have fitted my needs better, and I can't think of a single change to her design that would make a craft more versatile and suitable for exploration and adventure.

The enclosed photo is the only one that will ever be of that rig so I want it back. There is no negative. Don't laugh too hard at the sails; I do the best I can without megabucks.

When builders gather together, many a conversation begins with: "Whatever happened to so and so?" Names that frequently crop up from the group around the mid 1970s are Joan and David Lewis. The following article is what has happened to them, living on their small income in the Med on one of the first NARAI Mk. IVs which is built in foam sandwich. This short article is full of 'goodies' on anchor weights, sailing attitudes, self sufficiency and contains the remark: "We found landlubbers are very grey personalities." This confirms some of my observations, though I heard it summed up more pithily many years ago by Bernard Moitessier, the French ocean sailor, who said: "The world is divided into Seapeople and shore bastards."

LIFE ON RANI
by Joan and David Lewis

We are writing to give you all an idea of life abroad RANI. Having decided to 'opt in' in April 1978, we sold up our house and bits and pieces, launched RANI, the first foam sandwich constructed NARAI Mk. IV and sailed down to Plymouth. We spent the worst winter on record at Millbrook, continued to finish our boat, added a Selva outboard and in early May 1979 set off for the Med. We soon found out how useless an outboard can be on a Wharram catamaran and *whenever possible sailed and kept out of tight situations.* When you live aboard, your boat soon becomes home, which in turn makes you very careful. Our main problem is finding places where harbour dues are light or free. We have a steady income of course but apparently it is below the British poverty line. However, we are constantly being told by visiting friends and relatives, how hard up they are, and how lucky we are to be living on a boat in the Med. We guess we must be lucky, everything we have we actually own, no outstanding bills to pay each month, if we do not like a place we up anchor and go. So far we have sailed the Northern and Western coasts of Spain, Portugal, across to Tangier, and then to that wonderful place called Gibraltar. James Underwood of Moreton will remember the friendly natives of Gib. We continued along the South coast of Spain and over to the Balearics. Usually we put in around 3,000 miles a season and then tuck ourselves into either Alicante on the mainland or Puerto Colom in Mallorca for the winter gales. Weather can be very unpredictable, one winter in Seville we had 89 days of dry sunny days and very cold nights. This spring in the south of Spain we had two months of heavy rain and strong winds. Earlier we came to Menorca, first week of April in fact, and spent five days anchored off shore in a gale with force 8 to 9 N.W. winds blowing day and night; we anchored with a 35lb C.Q.R. 100 feet of heavy chain and a 25lb weight. In June we again came to Menorca and found friends in Mahon, repairing their boats after a tidal wave hit them in Ciudadella, we missed this episode by two days. This always leaves one feeling sober and never forget that the sea and wind is the master of any human being.

Life on RANI is partly work, some study, cooking, cleaning, thinking, planning looking after our animals, one cat aged eight years, and a dog, or rather should I say a bitch aged 1½ years. We usually have to spend three hours a day walking and swimming with her or she is a pest. Our favourite pastime is meeting up with other boat people. Cooking meals and entertaining take up time. Also the hunt for fresh water. People who come from the land to stay on RANI usually have no idea that water is the most precious thing on the boat. In fact, to be quite honest, we find landlubbers are very grey personalities, they look worried, much too clean, fuss about suntan lotions, how can they get hair shampooed and set, etc., etc. Over the years our boating friends are mostly German. We find they are very much afraid of the Americans and Russians using Germany as the fields to try out the 'bomb'. I suppose we have rather opted out of politics and have joined the great army of the 'don't knows'.

We meet some real nuts in our present life, but also some very good people. As a point of interest when we called into Palma in April this year to pick up friends, we were told "we don't see many boats like yours in the Med.". Looking along the paseo I counted one Narai, one Oro, one Tane, and later saw a Hina. We are constantly being referred to by the natives as 'muy guapo" (very handsome) and other yachtsmen of discernment say we look like a white swan. You ask about dolphins, yes we do see these beautiful creatures and are loathe to tell people exactly where, as we know for a fact the fishermen try to kill them, as they say the creatures get into their nets. I have no sympathy for fishermen in the western Med. They have over fished the area, they overcharge for the product. We go to the market at say Palma, and see the most jumble of fish you can imagine, all small starting at around 600 pesetas a kilo (£3 for 2lbs of fish for soup). Prawns are around £4 a 1lb., Tuna is £5 a 1lb and Swordfish also. Fruit and Veg. in Spain take some beating. If you eat in season prices are good.

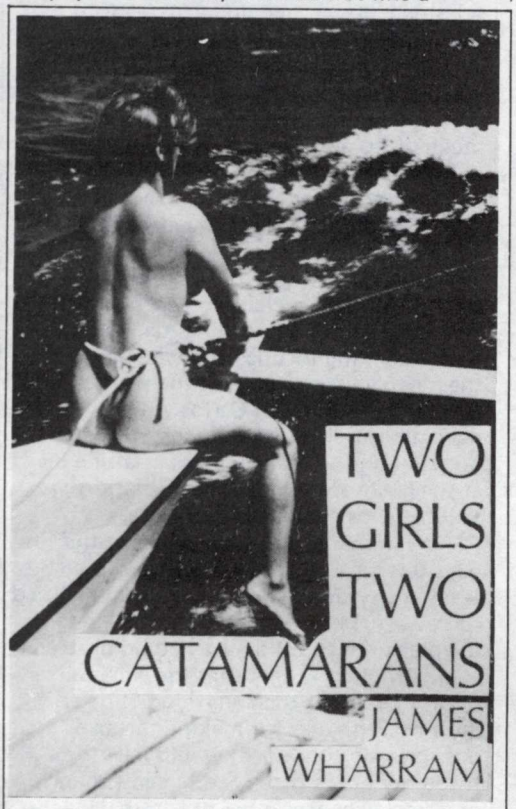
Gradually over the past five years we have watched the tourist wealth build up, particularly in the Balearics. Not only do the local hoteliers, shopkeepers, fishermen, etc., own one house, they have summer places, two or three cars, videos, a must, mostly all goodies like clothes; the men take on mistresses, and boats in the Club de Mar which cost £200 a month to have a place there. It all makes good business for someone. However, what a pleasure it is to have a Spaniard actually swim to your boat and find he is building a Wharram catamaran in Barcelona. One such chap called Antonio Garcia, came aboard RANI in just such a manner. We had watched him coming in on a charter boat, anchored correctly, that means a lot to us. We are looking forward to seeing his Tangaroa sailing next year.

Our greatest kick out of life is to come across 'finds'. Such as s/s screws from a mast which had fallen in a storm, being replaced by an aluminium mast and the firm doing the job said we could help ourselves to the old mast. Actually when we needed to put in the diesel engine, we were able to work for five months on other boats and earn the money to pay for this project. Most winters we can earn a little money which normally goes out later on paints, anti-fouling, and boat yard costs, which seem to go up each year alarmingly.

We intend to continue our gypsy life for at least another five years, when David will be in receipt of his government pension. Obviously it would be difficult for us to live in the U.K. so unless we are unable to find a base in the Med., we shall hope to live in the sun. It would be a very emotional situation to have to sell RANI as she is part of the family now.

Honestly we can say we have no regrets at leaving the U.K. In any case there are just no funds in the kitty for return journeys. We keep extremely healthy, you have to when you are not in a social welfare society. I was given a cycle in exchange for my cooking a six course Indian curry meal and boy, does this give you leg muscles, the bicycle riding I mean. We replaced our main chain for the C.Q.R. by cleaning and anti-foul painting a 26 footer and exchanged a pump-up dinghy for a Spinnaker sail.

We return to Pollensa, Mallorca for August, meeting up with old friends, then on to Puerto Colom for September where we have a couple of jobs to do, all very slowly, slowly, and quietly living.



Readers will be pleased to know that our book *'Two Girls, Two Catamarans'* which has been out of print for several months, is being reprinted and will be available again in December.

Naturist Sailing

James and Hanneke preparing to go ashore through the surf on their new outrigger with their dry clothes in a sealed plastic bucket between their legs.

Mark Gutteridge, a member of the first 'Dolphin Link' team, skin-warming and drying out after a wetsuited dolphin drive.

The Naturist column in the 'Sea People' has attracted international comment. The English 'Yachting Monthly' wrote:

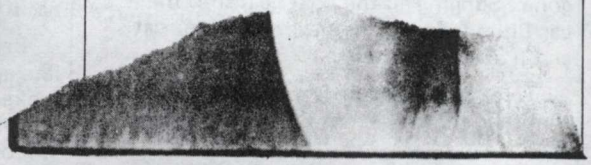
...letter, a profess... denies them full co-op... ...ion and support.

James Wharram's house magazine ***The Sea People****, with a readership of Polynesian catamaran owners, is the only sailing magazine with a column for naturists — and pictures!*

...bused

...tograph, which appeared o... ...e of the *Guernsey*...

The Dutch Naturist magazine 'Naturisme' which is a very high quality production — (hopefully, one day we can achieve their artistic lay-out) — wrote in their autumn 1984 issue the following:



The Sea People en het naturisme

In 1970 gaf de Wereldbibliotheek in vertaling het eerste — en tot op heden enige — boek van James Wharram uit: *Twee meisjes, twee catamarans.* Wharram is bezeten van catamarans, n oorspronkelijk polynesische dubkano. Hij ontwerpt ze en vindt zijn broodwinning. Hij h... *...e Sea Peo...* ...b...

At a recent paper on the 'Dolphin Link', presented on 'Dolphin Day' (24.11.84) by James Wharram, he said:

Eskimos fear sweating on over-ice expeditions, because the sweat will freeze on the inside of their clothes. The seaman fears the accumulation of saltwater on his clothes and bedding, because it never dries out. Saltwater soaked fabric re-absorbs moisture, and if you cannot get the fresh water to rinse them out, you live and sleep in clammy dampness. Fresh water on boats is always short, so to keep the skin fresh and healthy, you expose it, when warm, to the sun and the wind. This is why none of my ocean crews have ever suffered saltwater sores.

Coastal Trekking

Bella Italia Shiver Me Timbers

by Trevor Clarkson

I first met Trevor Clarkson at our Irish base in 1978/79. There he told me that he was trailing his 23'6" Hinemoa from Germany, for regular holidays, down to the Mediterranean. At the time this was quite remarkable.

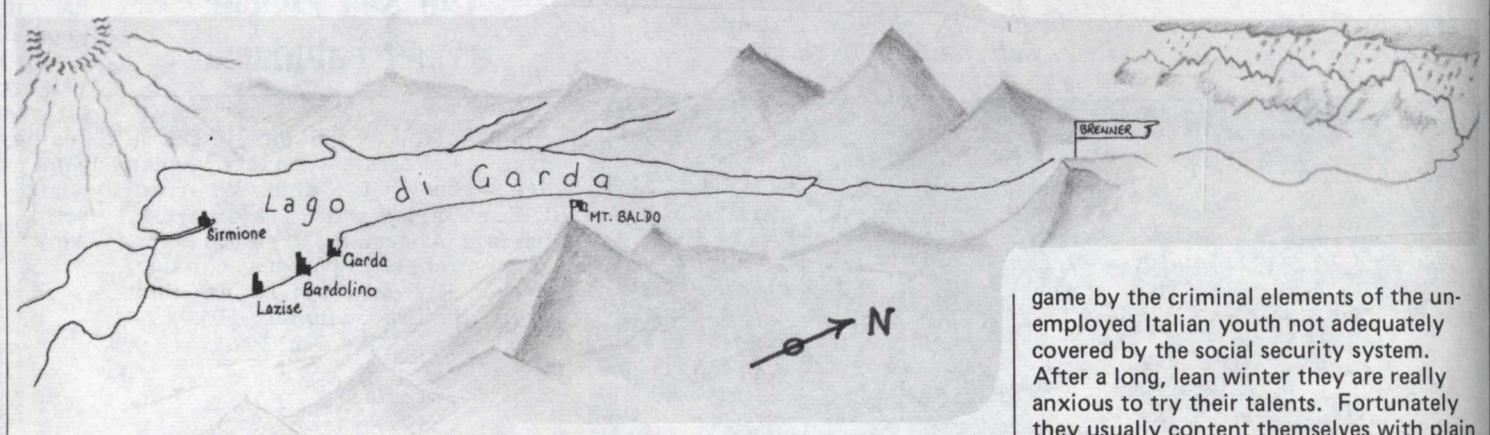
In the early 1960's there was a rash of multihull trailer/sailers, but they all were capsizers, including my 20' Wharcat (thats another story) and the trailer/sailer multihull more or less disappeared off the scene as a result of these capsizes, until the 18' Trimaran trailer/sailer by Ian Farrier came onto the scene about 1975/76.

Following conversations on the difficulties of trailing and sailing the relatively heavy Hinemoa with Trevor at our Irish base, but inspired by the possibilities within the trailer/sailer concept, as shown by Trevor, I worked out the light glass/ply/epoxy laminate system of building, to produce what are now the 'Coastal Trek Designs', and undoubtedly, the Coastal Trek Designs inspired other people to work out designs which are now being called Micro Multihulls.

So, Trevor Clarkson can be classed as a true pioneer and this article of his shows him 'pioneering' the high central European lakes.

"And now the weather forecast for Bavaria. The depression over central Europe is moving slowly eastwards allowing polar air masses to push forward to the Alps. Snowfalls are expected in the higher regions". Whitsun 1983! Huddled up behind the German Kachelofen, nursing a cold and envying my wife on her visit to sunny San Diego, I balefully eyed yet another day of continuous downpours in this otherwise beautiful Alpine valley. Suddenly the injustice of the rain gods incensed me and all my indecision was gone. Slinging all the boat gear into the car I hitched up my 23 foot Hinemoa cat and hared off to Italy.

To date Hinemoa has done about ten thousand miles – seven thousand of these on the trailer! As we, the boat and I, negotiated the historic Brenner Pass the clouds parted and sunny Italy lay before us.



It was late when we finally reached Pacengo on Lago di Garda – the most famous and largest of the Northern Italian lakes, 55 km long, 15 km wide and shaped like a frying pan with a thick handle. The southern 'pan' into which the peninsula of Sirmione juts boldly is the ideal place for sun-worshipping sailors on vast trampolines watching the shores drift past. During the day, at the nothern end of the pan the wind funnels between beetle-browed cliffs and flows with rising velocity into the nothern 'handle' of the lake buffeting the boats with a fair force five. This is a favourite spot to fly a cat and indeed it has been the scene of the Tornado European Championships. At night the southern 'Ora' wind dies and the 'Tramontana' roars in the reverse direction from the windy heights sending cold blasts of Alpine air into the southern basin of the lake.

Back in Pacengo, down in the harbour late at night, the local ruffians really looked tough and I was a little apprehensive about sleeping in the boat which was still on the trailer on the parking lot. The German ton-up boys (with 100 mph motorbikes) with Hell's Angels and skulls adorning their brass-studded leather backs didn't enhance the scenery either and to cap it all the attendant at the nearby camp site had issued dire warnings about 'molto Banditi'.

After spaghetti and suitable amounts of vino to swill it down I settled into my bunk only to be rudely thrown out ten minutes later by some curious fool who tried to clamber up to deck level, upsetting the balance of the trailer in the process. I don't know who was more shocked, the gawky youth or I, as the whole issue tilted with a tremendous crash. A round of old-fashioned English curses sent him stumbling backwards speechless with mortification.

At four a.m. precisely I awoke to a flashlight shining over the edge of the boat into my eyes. The owner of the flashlight, obviously looking for things which didn't belong to him, sprang from the trailer and ran like the wind to a waiting Fiat which promptly moved off at high speed. I grabbed a lamp and attempted to illuminate the number plate but these boys were real professionals. The fellow on the passenger side of the car blinded me in turn with his flashlight so I couldn't get his number. The affluent German tourists descend in hordes on this place at Whitsun, and are considered fair game by the criminal elements of the unemployed Italian youth not adequately covered by the social security system. After a long, lean winter they are really anxious to try their talents. Fortunately they usually content themselves with plain theft and seldom resort to robbery or open violence.

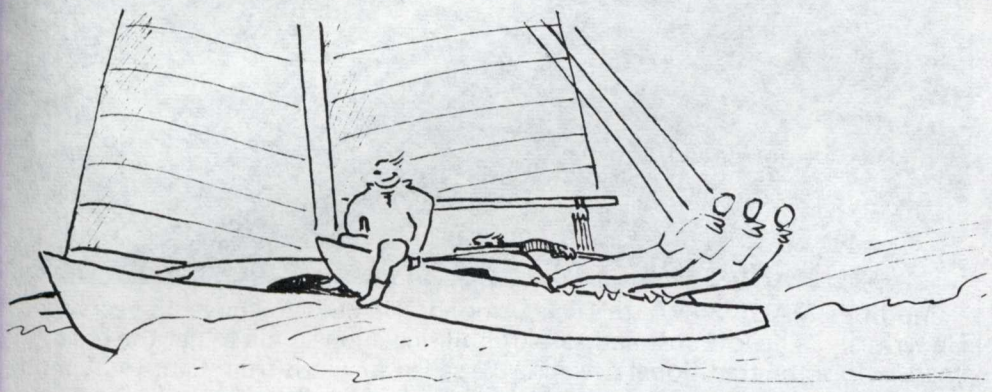
Shortly after this incident I assembled and launched the Wharram cat using a refined version of the temporary sliding beam system. Indeed without this idea, single-handed assembly would be well-nigh impossible. It certainly takes a lot of the work out of launching and I am very grateful to the man who solved the problem.

By mid-day we were fairly tramping along a broad reach heading for the 'pan handle' where the great winds roar. Out in the distant haze I discerned a twin engined bomber skimming the waves. The mirage settled gently onto the water crystalising into a speeding tri on the

wind going at double my rate although I was on a reach. Three guys were hanging out on one of the outriggers of this spidery wind machine. One of the crew dressed suspiciously like a monohull gorilla-type winch grinder was sitting bolt upright on the flying bow of the ama for all the world as if it were a hobby horse and was making no attempt to reduce windage, while the skipper lying flat behind the tiny cuddy with one eye over the cockpit coaming, was urging his thoroughbred racer along like a jockey at Ascot. A faint flash of recognition of a fellow-multihuller registered in his eyes as he burst past in a cloud of spray, but a lumbering cruiser cat, and a small one at that obviously didn't warrant warmer greetings. Within minutes the craft was out of sight and I silently mused about what would happen to a thing like that in an Aegean blow.

decent waves to build up and Wharram cats are never troubled by such conditions. When the worst of the weather had gone I emerged from the cabin, nipped smartly into the harbour and tied up alongside an Austrian in a monohull who claimed he had had a hard time defending his boat against the attacks of the harbour wall. Lake sailors often use a hook that would be better for fishing than keeping a boat tethered in one spot.

A couple of nights later I slipped out of the harbour and headed into a gorgeous golden moon. Having forgotten my battery in the hurried packing I was without lights. Punctually as expected the Tramontana stormed off the hills and we took off. With the Jenny flying even the Wharram cat was overcanvassed and in the gusts I nearly broached. As dawn came and with it the last wisps of wind, I



The day wore on and meanwhile cumulo nimbus clouds crowning Monte Baldo's vast 7000 ft. ridge began to increase and multiply at a prodigious rate making it clear to even the most unobservant that there would shortly be a firework display. The surfers made for the shore as the lake turned black. Not wishing to enter the harbour with a following storm I dropped the sail, lashed everything, and had just made the cabin when big drops splashed onto the decks and hail bounced around like marbles. The lake was a seething cauldron of white water but Hinemoa abeam to the wind and waves under bare poles just rocked steadily across the lake. When we neared the east shore I just turned her round and drifted back, this time across the harbour mouth. The harbour master seeing a boat drifting, apparently helpless shot out of the harbour with his lifeboat just as I had decided to put a little distance between me and the outer harbour wall. Whipping up my eight horses we charged to windward for a few hundred yards. This stopped him following me but he must have thought my behaviour very strange because he contacted the police launch. They planed in fast and circled me looking for signs of life on board. I was skulking in the cabin and it wasn't until they got round to the stern sector that they caught sight of me. I pointed to the heavens and rolled my eyes at the cloudburst indicating that I didn't like the water from above. The Italians being masters of talking with hands and feet understood immediately, grinned and gunned their launch across the lake. The fetch wasn't great enough for any

rounded the headland into the bay of Garda and casting anchor dropped off to sleep for the rest of the morning. Night sailing is exhilarating but it tires one and the cold is not to be underestimated. Incidentally, at night even on the lake I wore safety harness because not even a good swimmer would manage more than a few hundred yards if he had the misfortune to land in the cold water.

That same evening lying well off the shore at anchor a sudden jerk awoke me. A hand appeared over the gunwale. Yelling with rage I shot out of the cabin with murder in my heart. The Yamaha started first pull and Hinemoa was instantly going ten knots and I was after the bastard like a whaler after Moby Dick. The anchor warp pulled up taught and I was nearly catapulted over the bows after the fellow swimming for his life. I screamed obscenities at him while his comrades pelted me with pebbles from the shore. Fortunately none of the projectiles hit my varnished topsides or I'm sure I would now be doing penance in an Italian jail for some dreadful crime.

During the following days I enjoyed private regattas with anybody who wanted to see who was faster. Sometimes I won — sometimes they won, depending on the course and wind, but who cares when you have all day to sail nowhere.

Every evening I tied up at some romantic spot and wandered through the alleys of places like Garda, Bardolino, Lazise and Sirmione each of which compares well with any of the mundane riviera spots, while retaining a simple charm of its own.

On my travels I discovered another Hinemoa, built and manned by an Italian and his family. He came aboard my boat muttering 'Bellisimo' and went into raptures about my 'Otto Cavalli' — the eight horse power Yamaha. His boat although soundly constructed was not quite according to plan and it didn't look like the miniature 'big ship' it is supposed to be. I gathered he had run out of funds for all the refinements a boat needs for completion. Many builders don't realise that the bare hulls constitute only about fifty percent of the costs of building a boat.

After a sumptuous meal in a cosy little fish restaurant on my last evening I motored across the quiet grey lake admiring the sun-tinged peaks of Baldo mantled in fresh snow. I dropped the hook close inshore and watched fair-sized fish spawning hectically in the gravel by the lake's edge. Their furious mating process in the shallows looked as though they were bent on killing each other, and the sound of grinding gravel throughout the night magnified by the hulls allowed me to sleep only fitfully.

Suddenly I was wide awake, ears straining. A stealthy crunch of gravel came from the shore directly opposite the boat. It stopped and whispering voices reached my ears. I squinted cautiously out of the hatch and made out two faint motionless shadows. It was obvious that they were up to no good at that lonely spot in the early hours of the morning. Okay, if they wanted trouble they were going to get it. Heaving the marine spotlight into position I dug out my signal rocket launcher, depressed the catch ready for firing and switched on the spotlight. A blaze of light cutting a swathe through the darkness pinned the would-be 'pirates' to the hedge behind them. They froze, somehow hoping they hadn't been detected. With a horribly authoritive voice I challenged them. There was no answer, so I steadied the rocket and prepared to fire. But quite unexpectedly they ran for it, blundering up the hillside, tearing through the thickets as they fled. As an afterthought it occurred to me that they might have only been poachers but I didn't see any fishing gear and to be on the safe side I wasn't going to have them monkeying around with my cat.

When I finally came to pick up the trailer and car, the air had been let out of the tyres and various parts of the trailer had been removed, such things as half turnbuckles, of no use to anybody, had been taken, possibly the work of mischievous children. It took me more than half a day to purchase the missing parts in Italy.

All in all, it was an exciting trip and the skirmishes helped to keep me on my toes and off the alcohol. In fact I'm quite looking forward to the next trip, when my boat is crewed and additional equipment has been installed on the decks. By the way if any of you happen to have an old brass cannon . . .

What's New!?

Tiki 26

Alistair Stewart was so pleased with the performance of the TIKI 21 during his 'Dolphin Link' work from the Devoran base this year, that he asked, how "small" could a "larger" version be, to allow him and his partner Rachel Crowhurst to cross an ocean – "small", for quick, low cost building, "large" for sitting headroom, store carrying ability and seaworthiness.

The answer is this 26 ft. 'Micro' ocean cruiser. For me, James, it has been an exciting design project. In young Alistair Stewart, I saw myself years ago, setting out across the ocean in the 23'6" TANGAROA. The improvement I wanted was a sheltered steering position. The drawing shows the TIKI 26 in heavy weather sailing conditions with her 'shelter' erected.

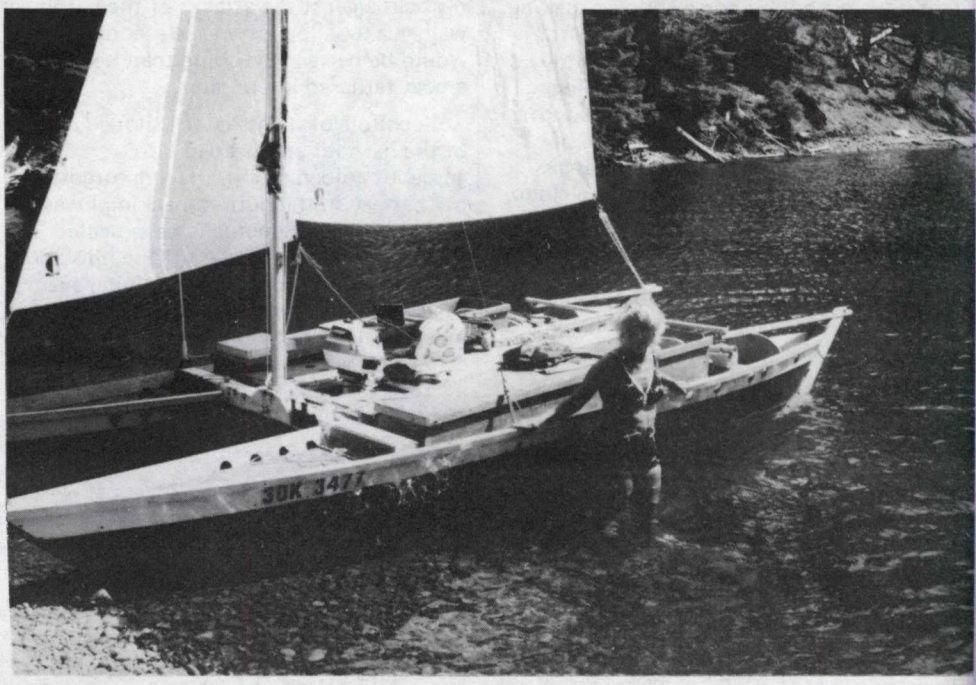
For fine weather sailing, the heavy weather shelter folds down out of the way onto the cockpit floor, and you get an enormous cockpit to sunbathe and day/weekend sailing for six in comfort.

For harbour use we have an additional light tent, giving more headroom, covering the centre part of the boat extending over the hatches like the tent of the TIKI 21.

As, according to Maurice Killen, the TIKI 21 achieved 10 knots plus, (his article will be published in next issue), the TIKI 26 should be quite a fast mover.

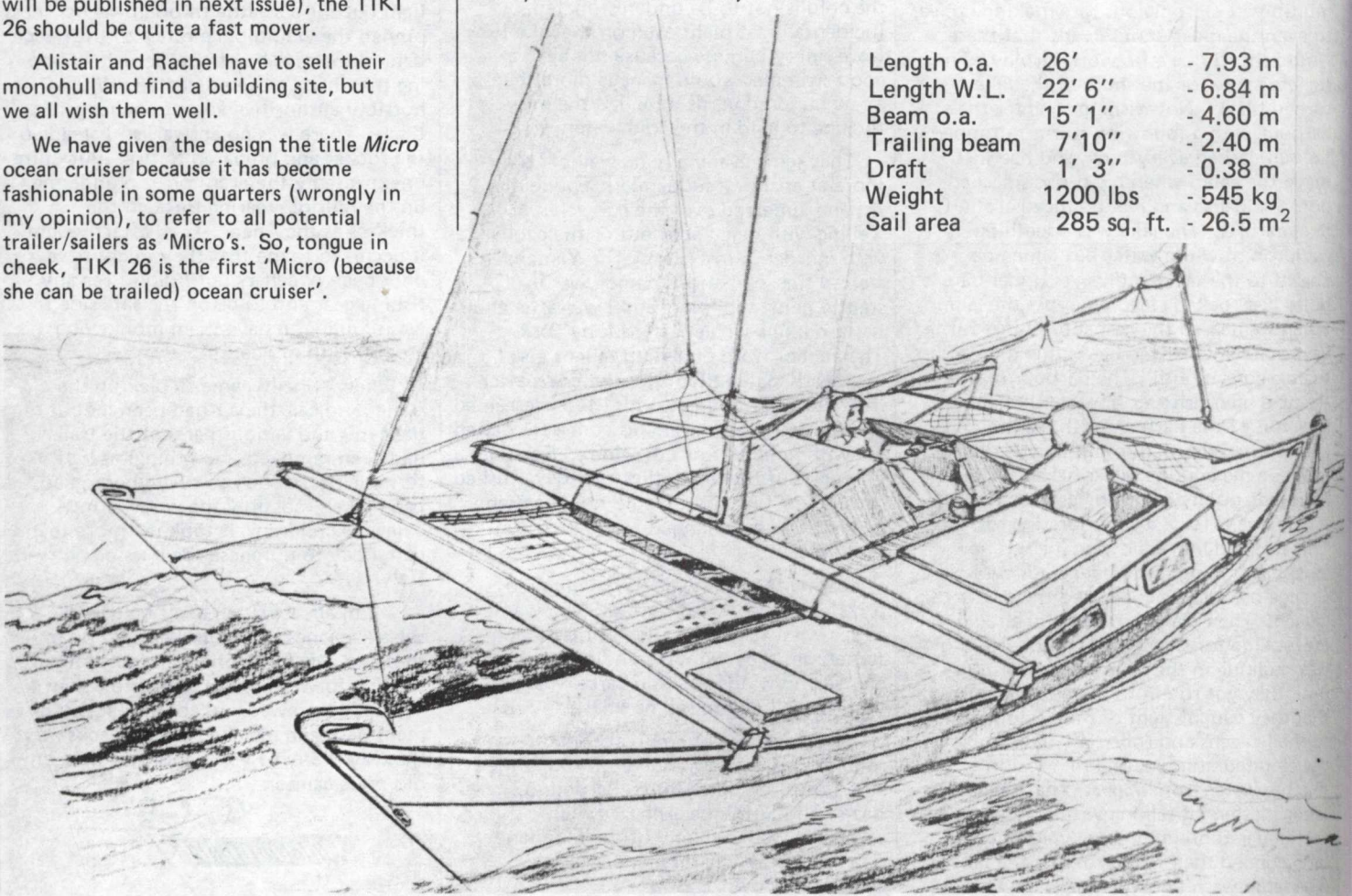
Alistair and Rachel have to sell their monohull and find a building site, but we all wish them well.

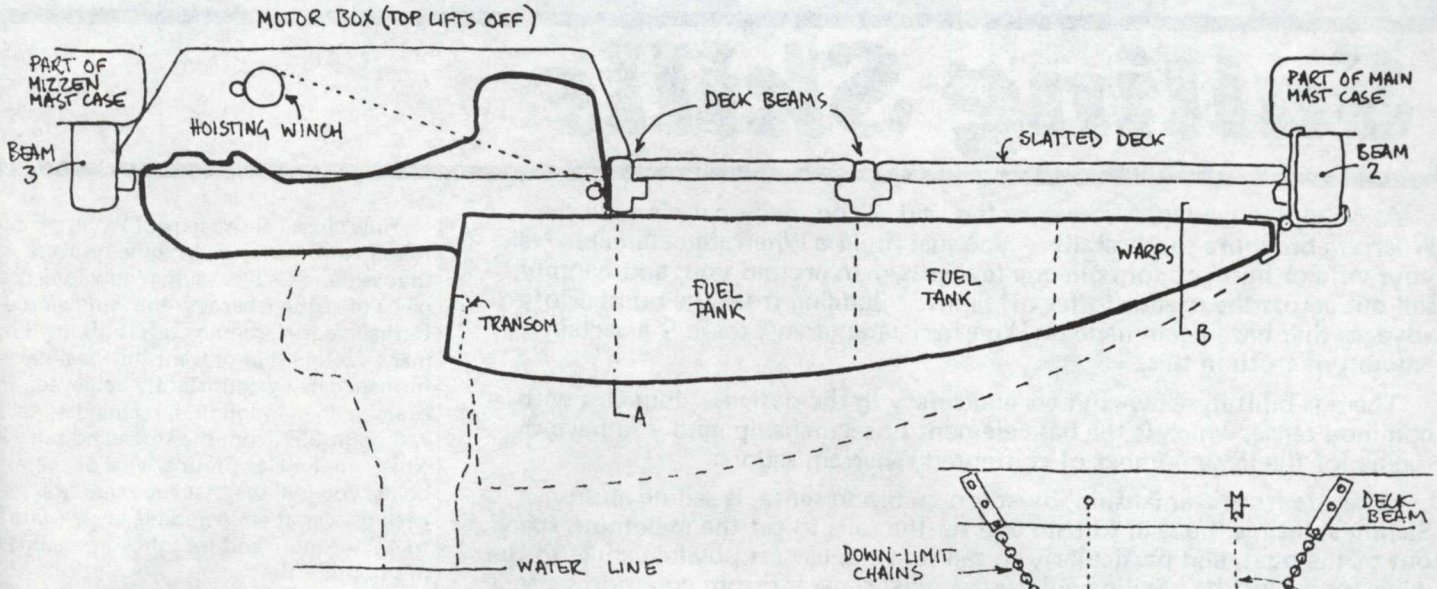
We have given the design the title *Micro* ocean cruiser because it has become fashionable in some quarters (wrongly in my opinion), to refer to all potential trailer/sailers as 'Micro's. So, tongue in cheek, TIKI 26 is the first 'Micro (because she can be trailed) ocean cruiser'.

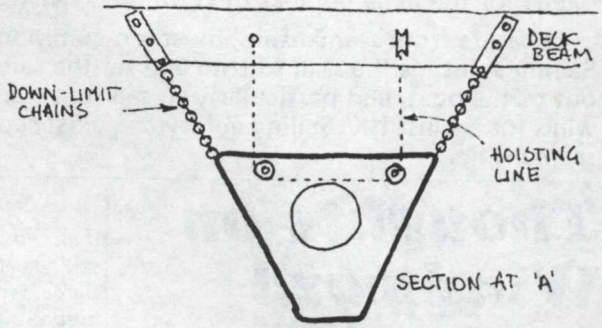


Modified MAUI 'NINA' of Dick Osmond. He built the boat six years ago. He writes: "The low cost and ease of building allowed me to get the boat years before the traditional designs. We sailed in winds from light to 25 mph, and my first mate (pictured above) was not the least bit nervous." His latest modifications are a bunk in each hull, "very narrow" – a battery for AM and CB radio and fibreglass seats in each cockpit. Also note the outboard mounted in the platform and the sprit mainsail. Photo taken on Butts Lake, Vancouver Island, Canada.

Length o.a.	26'	- 7.93 m
Length W.L.	22' 6"	- 6.84 m
Beam o.a.	15' 1"	- 4.60 m
Trailing beam	7'10"	- 2.40 m
Draft	1' 3"	- 0.38 m
Weight	1200 lbs	- 545 kg
Sail area	285 sq. ft.	- 26.5 m^2

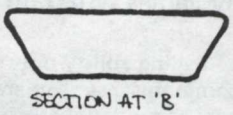






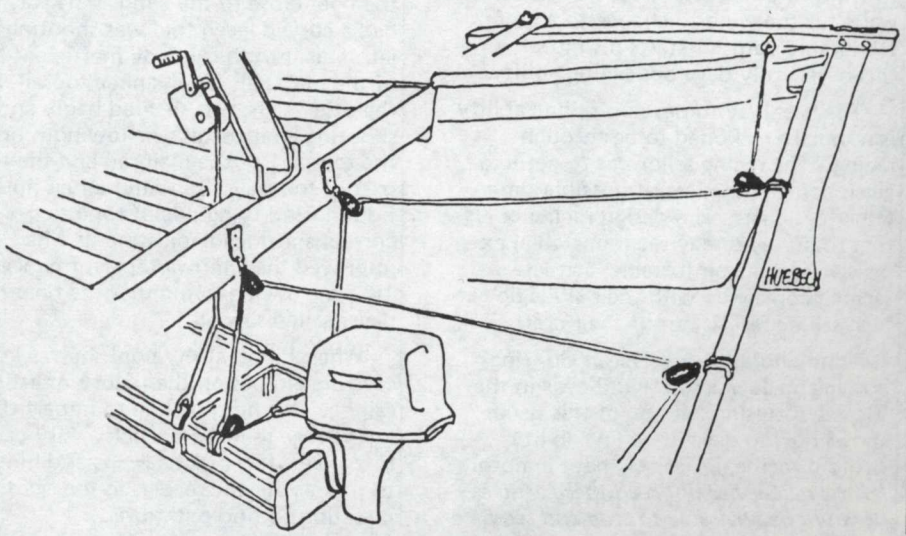
OBOREA's Outboard Box

Roly Huebsch launched his NARAI 'OBOREA' late this summer. She looks as beautiful as one would expect from him. His outboard motor arrangement is also ingenious and could be used on any of the larger Wharram designs.



'OBOREA' soon after launching, she will be rigged next year.

MOTOR STEERING SYSTEM by Jack Dundas



Roly Huebsch also sent us this drawing of Jack Dundas' system of motor steerage; which he uses on his NARAI 'RU':

"This cable linkage steers the motor when the tillers are turned. Jack reports that it has halved the turning circle of his NARAI 'RU'. The motor bracket is hinged to the third beam and when it is raised, by the winch on the mizzen mast case, the steering cables go slack, effectively disconnecting the system."

Sailing Skills

As Mike, the new PCA secretary has said, "Too many people take the Wharram brochure too literally – you just build a Wharram catamaran, take your wife or husband, or collect a few girls/men around you, and happily, sail out across the oceans to far off lands." Judging from the number of voyages that have been made on Wharram catamarans, there is a certain amount of truth in this.

There is built-in seaworthiness and safety in the designs. Join this with common sense, which is the base element of seamanship, and you have the recipe for the large number of contented Wharram sailors.

Separate from seamanship, based on common sense, is sailing ability. Sailing ability is the skill to trim and set the sails to get the maximum speed out of the boat, and particularly to sail it at the closest possible angle to the wind (or against it). Sailing ability can exist separate from common sense seamanship.

Thoughts on Windward Performance

by James Wharram

Sailing ability does exist separate from common sense seamanship, indeed a large part of modern offshore multihull racing is based on sailing ability and most definitely not seamanship, for no-one with common sense seamanship would risk flying a hull in offshore conditions or drive a boat until it began to crack up.

Many cruising sailors, which includes "Wharrams", scorn this sailing ability because of its racing connections, but sailing ability before the days of engines was as important to the sailor as seamanship.

Over the last year and during the compiling of this issue of Sea People/Sailorman it has become clear that a considerable number of Wharram builders lack sailing ability, both practical knowledge as well as sufficient knowledge of the theory of sailing. Why is this? It is because the cruising/philosophical sailor is concerned with cost, sea safety and sea comfort, to arrive at his objective. If his objective is to windward he either does not go there, waits for the wind to change to a more favourable slant, or starts his motor, and this never fully develops sailing ability.

The best way to develop sailing ability is normally reckoned to be through racing. The racing sailor *has to* get to a given point in the fastest possible time. Other designers, who design racing boats that to our eyes may seem unstable, expensive and uncomfortable, attract racing people who with their skills do get high sailing results out of their craft.

John Shores in the 'Ocean Cruising' article and Joan and David Lewis in the 'Coastal Cruising' section of this issue, shows how to develop sailing ability without racing, i.e. sail without a motor. *(If the reader has not read these articles, it would be advisable to stop and read them now),* for that is how I began my sailing career. I worked on a Thames Barge, without motor; I converted a 20 ft. lifeboat into a junk, and sailed it without motor; my first catamaran Tangaroa did have a small motor, but I never used it effectively; a major part of Rongo's sailing career was also without a motor, and when we did have a motor it was a very small, 4hp., practically useless engine.

So J had to develop *sailing ability.* Sailing without an engine will not necessarily eliminate mistakes in sailing technique Our secretary who has had considerable experience in monohull racing pointed out that you really need an experienced sailor to show you how sails should set and be trimmed, indeed this is what happened with John Hobbs who admits that the performance of his PAHI 31 increased dramatically after a more experienced sailor had given him tips.

At the PCA summer meeting this year, was a superbly equipped Wharram cat; its owner lacked nothing in seamanship; the sailing abilities of his boat however were abysmal. When I pointed this out, the owner was unconcerned, for the boat to him was a tried and trusted friend. Sailing this ketch rigged boat, I found the following: The mainsail had a belly in it that was far too big and would not drive the boat close to the wind. The staysail had a curved leech that was shooting a jet of air into the already inefficient belly of the mainsail. The yankee topsail, like the other sails, was sheeted badly and shooting an incorrect airflow both onto the top part of the mainsail and the top part of the staysail. With half an hours fiddling and tying bits of rope to get correct sheet lead adjustments I had improved the windward performance by 10°, the owner saying that the boat had never sailed so well.

When I look at my bookshelves I find several volumes on the theory of efficient sailing. It is not possible to impart this knowledge in just an article. All I can do is to give a few practical tips and hints and to point you, the reader, in the right direction to find out more.

How close can we expect Wharram cats to sail to windward? In some respects that sentence is like saying 'how long is a piece of string'? because the windward performance of all sailing craft is affected by many factors that prevent the ideal performance being consistently achieved. For example many monohull racing designs will point 35° from the true wind but when you look at photographs of these boats, you will see that the boats are heeling over at an incredible angle of up to 45° or more and that they are sailing in smooth water.

Eric Hiscock, the grandfather of ocean monohull cruising, has written that the monohull on the high seas does not point much closer than 5 points (11° is 1 point), i.e. 55° . The difference then, between ideal racing performance and comfortable offshore cruising performance can be a matter of nearly 15–20°, depending on sea conditions and desire for comfort.

Another factor that also influences windward performance is the rig of the ship. Uffa Fox, a great English designer, drew up this table of sailing efficiency to windward, from which you can see that the number of masts and sails also influence windward ability, and if you are sailing a two masted ketch or schooner you are never going to sail as close to the wind as a single masted cutter, i.e. mainsail and two headsails, or a sloop with one mainsail and one headsail.

Sailing efficiency to windward:

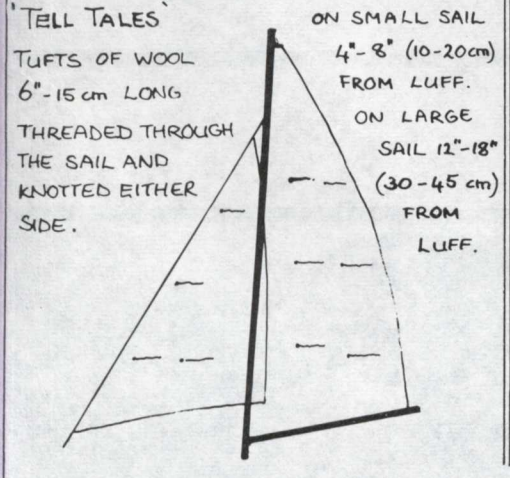
Cutter	100%
Yawl	97%
Schooner	88%
Ketch	88%

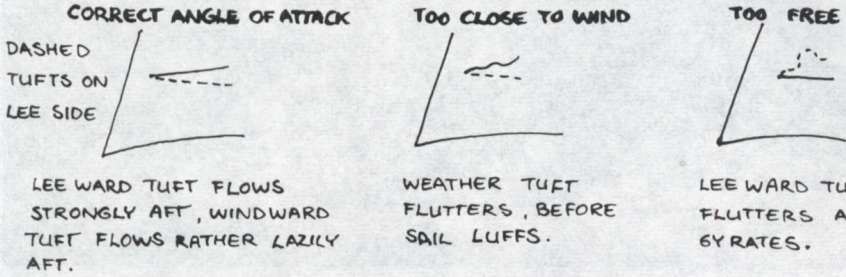
The reader may ask 'why are so many Wharram boats ketch rigged'?, it is because they were designed for offshore cruising with small crews. Arthur Beiser, in his book 'The Proper Yacht' after summing up the disadvantages of a ketch rig, i.e. that it is relatively inefficient to windward, gives its good points, ending up with "all in all, the ketch rig is flexible (by this, he means the number of sails that can be set on the two masts) and splendidly seaworthy". Later in his book, he describes how at the end of a voyage, he and his crew arrive happy and relaxed amongst racing rigged boats that have left their crew weary and exhausted. This is why so many designers of monohulls trade windward performance for the all round performance and ease of handling that you get from the ketch rig, but all designers expect their customers to be operating with well cut, well sheeted, and well handled sails. The sails are the "motor" of the ship and too many cruising sailors buy cheap, ill cut sails (very often from the Far East); use old, badly stretched sails, or sheet them wrongly so that the sails do not get the correct airflow and thus do not give the maximum drive.

Racing

What a lot of builders do not know is that badly cut, badly shaped, badly sheeted sails give a driving force that is not in the forward direction of the boat but sideways to the boat and thus create leeway which further decreases windward performance. One way of solving the problem of inefficient sails etc. is to put big daggerboards, centreboards or low aspect ratio keels on the boat. Many multihull designers do this, indeed they have taken a basic Wharram design and added these appendages, claiming 'improved windward performance of the design'. The cost they pay is the increased danger of capsize. Observations by many builders, highlighted in the article 'The birth of Beluga', Sea People/Sailorman No. 2 (last issue), page 8, are that under extreme conditions, vee-ed hulls slip sideways instead of capsizing. Centreboards, daggerboards, low aspect keels etc. also increase difficulty in construction. Nonetheless – in the PAHI designs moderately sized daggerboards have been used to overcome the bad sails/sailor problem. Of course, all the first PAHI's sailing have had well cut sails and good sailors, and their owners have been asking the question 'what did we build these bloody daggerboards in for'?, well, now you know!

As previously written, I hope that this article will encourage the builder to put a lot more effort into improving his sailing performance. We have already described studying books on the subject, practising sailing without an engine, getting an already expert sailor on the ship to give advice; here are two more suggestions: One is the use of wool tufts 'tell tales' (see Hanneke's drawings), and better still, buy an electrical wind angle/speed through the water log combination, with, most important, a faster/slower indication dial. Such equipment enables you to race against yourself and learn windward performance in hours and days, as against months or years.


'TELL TALES'
TUFTS OF WOOL 6"-15 cm LONG THREADED THROUGH THE SAIL AND KNOTTED EITHER SIDE.
ON SMALL SAIL 4"-8" (10-20cm) FROM LUFF.
ON LARGE SAIL 12"-18" (30-45 cm) FROM LUFF.


CORRECT ANGLE OF ATTACK
DASHED TUFTS ON LEE SIDE
LEE WARD TUFT FLOWS STRONGLY AFT, WINDWARD TUFT FLOWS RATHER LAZILY AFT.
TOO CLOSE TO WIND
WEATHER TUFT FLUTTERS, BEFORE SAIL LUFFS.
TOO FREE
LEE WARD TUFT FLUTTERS AND GYRATES.

Further to the article about sailing ability, and Mike's comments that whatever your opinions of the racing fraternity, you *do learn* to sail a boat well and most efficiently. A letter received from Australia demonstrates just that. Freya Makinson and Steven Tuck bought a dilapidated 'Tane' resurrected it and went on to win a race series at their Boat Club:–

We own a 'Tane' which we bought in a very sad state of disrepair in 1980. We restored her over a period of 18 months part-time. We won a club trophy for "Most Improved Yacht" for our restoration and maintenance on 'Kunie', which was very pleasing to us since it was our first attempt at such an enterprise and is the first boat we have owned. Since launching, we have sailed in our local waters, St. Vincents Gulf near Adelaide, South Australia, cruising around the Gulf and racing in club competitions in the cruising division to improve our sailing skills. We had minimal dinghy sailing experience prior to 'Kunie'. We chose one of your boats since the design concepts (and price!) appealed to us. We recently won the "Gulf series" raced over 3 days across the Gulf and back again in the cruising division in a mixed fleet of 47 monos and multis, (in two divisions). To us the winning per se was not important, but rather it helped us realise our achievement in terms of restoring the boat and learning to sail her well. We found that such "semi-serious" racing – more for fun than to "wipe" the other boats – has taught us much about sailing and our boat. **The conditions in the Gulf are "choppy" in fresh winds and 'Kunie' becomes very wet, the waves slow her down, and hence she doesn't like to be over-powered; we reef quickly in such conditions and still go just as fast.** The shallow draft has been a big advantage in our shallow, sandy anchorages, and it has also meant that we don't need a large motor since we have more effective sea room and can take more short cuts in the areas in which we sail.

Note, Freya and Steven reef their boat down in a blow and choppy seas and still sail well. The effect of reefing down is to reduce leeway and she would make the windward mark just as fast.

This report is a fine example of using "semi serious" **cruising** *racing to improve sailing ability.*

Racing:

This report, from Harry Ellis is how to develop a RAKA for *ultimate windward speed* in *ultimate against all comers* racing.

In this category you have no alternative but to compromise on the safety aspect, replacing it with sailing skill and fit daggerboards for that *'Extra'* for competition.

Two years ago, we designed a one-off racing 30 ft. PAHI for Paul Wells, who had successfully raced his TANE. This design has daggerboards fore and aft. Unfortunately, due to work problems, Paul has not had the time to finish the boat.

An indication of how well Paul's racing PAHI will go and how the fore and aft daggerboards will work, has been independantly arrived at by Harry Ellis who – see photo and following report – has installed, not knowing that we were doing it, fore and aft daggerboards in one hull (The PAHI has them in both hulls). As the performance of his RAKA is equalling that of expensive 'name' racing designs, it could be asked why did we not improve the racing aspects of our designs sooner instead of leaving it to the plagiarists, as mentioned in 'Sailing Skills'. The answer is: better to have hundreds of safe, happy cruising people as friends than a few expensive racing people as masters. Still, the 'Sea People/Sailorman' is now regularly guiding the readers towards faster sailing possibilities within the designs.

Roly Huebsch asked me to write you about the dagger boards I've installed in my Raka this year. I can't give you any statistical data at this time, but I can say that the windward improvement is quite significant. Enclosed are a couple of pictures of the installation; as you can see, a board fore and aft in the port hull. Both boards are identical: 7 ft. long, 18 ins. wide and 2½ ins. at the thickest point. They draw 4 ft. when fully down.

The theory is that as the wind goes aft, the front board is raised and the other one lowered, thus reducing weather helm. It does work; on the wind, the forward board is fully down.

Regarding improvement to weather, in recent Club races, I have been able to point to the weather mark as high and as fast as the other multihulls, with the exception of 'Volena', a 46 ft. Newick Tri. of Bermuda Race fame. The other boats included Harris 38, Brown 37 and 40, Buccaneer 33, and 'Twiggy', a 30 ft. Crowther. So, as you can see, we are in pretty good company.

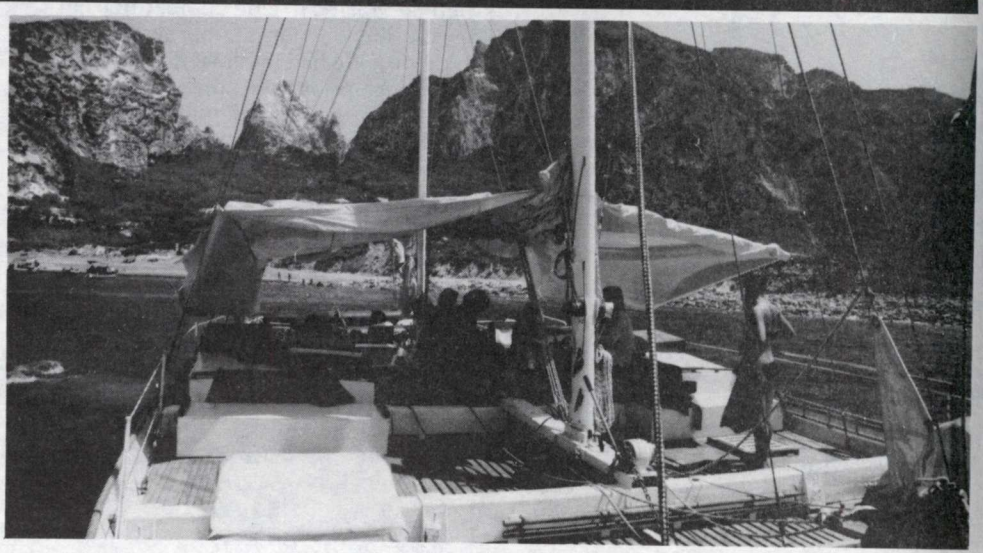
On an overnight double-handed race from Toronto to Hamilton (and back (approx. 80 miles)), we were able to hold the weather mark with the afore mentioned boats. In winds of 20 knots we were doing 9.5 to 11 knots on the wind, holding our own. It wasn't until the turn that they left us behind with their spinnakers and expensive gear.

How much of the improvement is due to the boards is hard to judge, but the boards were installed before I received my new mainsail. The result was the same: a vast improvement, even with my old mainsail (8 years).

Next season I will try and accumulate more factural data for you, but my impression is that the windward performance is quite improved. I suspect we are splitting 90–95.

Chartering

This magnificent looking Italian ORO (right) is for charter. The full details can be obtained from: Roberto Basili, Via Capo d'Africa 31, 00184 Rome, Italy. Tel. 06/7316470.



John Shores, whose article on 'Ocean Cruising' appears in this issue, is also considering using 'YIN YANG' for charter during the summer of 1985. He is thinking of a weekly rate of £75.00 – £80.00 per person, including food. A fine opportunity to learn 'Sailing Ability' aboard an engineless TEHINI, plus practical life philosophy in simple living. Contact: John Shores, c/o 59 Rutland Rd., Chelmsford, Essex.

Dolphins

By James Wharram

For me, 1984 will remain in my memory as The Year of The Dolphin. In my book "Two Girls Two Catamarans", I described on pages 178 to 180 my first aware experience of a Dolphin meeting, by writing: "Four years previously, we had abandoned the land and, like the ancient Polynesians, had turned to the sea. It had not been easy for us to adapt to the wide, featureless ocean, but we had done it. The sea had remoulded our inner souls, and now, approaching the mainland of Europe, this visitation of sea creatures (Pilot Whales) was perhaps the 'official recognition' of our status as People of the Sea".

All we builders have a constant struggle, in finding the money, time and effort to construct the boats, to feel the pride in loneliness and to be true to our inner selves. I have the same problems as my builders.

At a time when I most needed it, I have resumed my relationship with the 'Creatures of the Sea' and this summer's work with Dolphins has illuminated my approach to 'design' to the "Sea People", to plan and dream for an exciting future.

Whether by coincidence or influenced by past Dolphin Page columns, people on some of our boats have told us they have seen and felt comfort from escorting dolphins during stormy conditions over the last twelve months. (See report from Bernie and Kay Parsons at end of article).

Tiki 21 on the beach in Portreath being rigged by a Dolphin Link team.

Running the Dolphin Link project, where we took a fresh group of 6 students every two weeks, was at the time totally time consuming, exhausting and soul destroying.

A warning to you builders who plan to do charter work; it is harder than you think. Taking untouched Urban Man from the cities, no matter what degrees or qualifications they claim, can be a surprising experience.

The first point is Urban Man's "clumsiness". They have "big feet", which they hammer down on the decks. They bend over the edge of the boat in an unbalanced posture, ready to tip into the sea, rather than bend at the knees. They light the gas cooking stove *several* seconds after they have turned the gas on. They expect to have their food prepared for them. Their attention span is limited, wind changes in both directions and strength do not figure in their concepts. In short, from a "Sea Persons" point of view, they are "Shore People".

By the time the Devoran P.C.A. summer meeting came, I was a gibbering wreck. Any visiting builders there, whom I walked by with a glazed look, or mixed their names up, will now know why.

Many readers will know that their ocean voyages *at the time* resembled the summer Dolphin Link chaos I have just described. Yet, on looking back, the difficulties disappear, the excitement, the achievements are remembered.

There were nice people here this summer. True, most of them had sailing experience before they came, but some were inspired for the first time.

The Tiki 21 which we used as a Dolphin Link boat, got hammered above her design expectations. Out of the experience of this hard usage, we have designed two new Tiki designs; the Tiki 26, reviewed elsewhere in this issue and the Tiki 31, which we will unveil at the London Boat Show (and in the next issue).

Percy, Percy the dolphin. I wrote about him in the last issue of the Sea People/Sailorman, describing how, last December, I swam with him in the cold, murkey, winter seas. It was June this year before I rejoined him, sailing towards his feeding grounds abroad the Tiki 21 with six Dolphin Link people.

My winter hunch based on Wade Doak's New Zealand experiences with his Raka, that the catamaran's shape interests dolphins, proved correct: On first sighting of the Tiki, Percy swam wild with delight towards the Tiki 21, ignoring the two accompanying inflatables.

We towed Hanneke off the mainsail Traveller. Percy swam very close to her. Closer than he had ever been before.

The next day we sailed again, and with Percy following us, anchored at the foot of the north Cornish coast cliffs. As the anchor went down, I went into the sea, and there was Percy standing on his head, by the anchor, looking at me.

Over the next three days, the Dolphin Link group, the best group we ever had (and not just because three are now building Wharram cats!!!) a group of Sea People, moved the relationship of Dolphin and Man from the previous year of "look and see" to "See, touch and caress".

Alistair Stuart, who got the first body contact with Percy, was a wild, tough swimmer. Percy reponsed with wild rushes and spectacular leaps over his head.

'Percy' and Alistair in the first body contact.

I, a strong swimmer, also got rumbustious Dolphin play; strong nudges to leap and play-pressure on my shoulder to dive even deeper and longer. Yet the others, who were more gentle, more timid swimmers, were treated with tenderness and understanding.

It was an idyll. Like many idylls of men, to be spoint by commercialism and greed:

Hanneke, 'Percy', Ruth in gentle play.

Percy, "non-touching", was a dolphin in the sea. Percy, touching, was a commercial propostiion for TV and newspaper; no place for us.

The last time I saw Percy he looked confused and sad. We swam shoulder to shoulder. He tried to lead me to his feeding ground in the tide rushing reefs. Too far away for my abilities. So he ran his beak/nose alongside my cheek. Hanneke came into the sea, and we three, our "arms" around each other, clung together.

Paddling the outrigger canoe, Hanneke hanging on the stern, we tried to follow Percy to the reef, but it was too far away.

Pilot Whale Interlock

The next time we went to sea was aboard the Tehini, sailing the south coast of Cornwall, to the Manacles, where I had heard that "dolphins" had been sighted.

We sighted, not Dolphins, but Pilot Whales, the "Sea People" who had attempted to befriend me years ago in the Atlantic, as described at the beginning of this article.

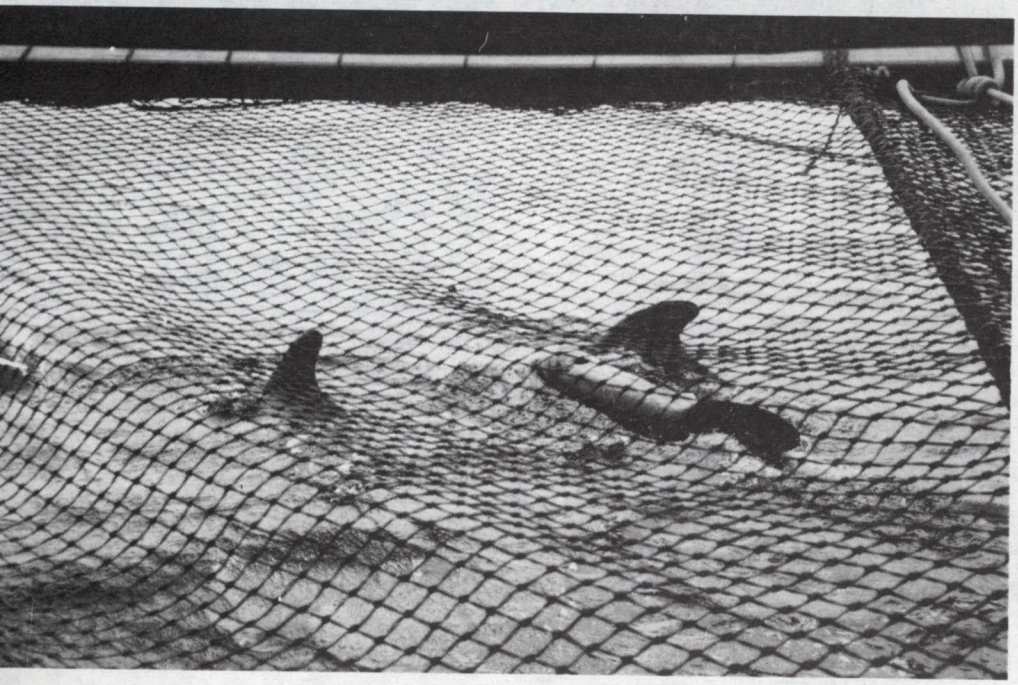
Pilot Whales behave quite differently from exhuberant Dolphins. According to Lyal Watson's book: Sea Guide to Whales of the World.

"Longfin Pilot Whales are largely indifferent to ships, seldom come close and never bowride, but schools can be approached to within 50m. (160 ft.) by even a large vessel. In smaller boats we often manage to manoeuvre amongst a school and come within a boat length (6m. — 20 ft.) of an individual before it sounds".

We followed this group of three adults and two babies, until they realised we were interested in them. Then they "Interlocked"; led by the babies and checked out by the adults, they swam around us, under us, *then between the bows, two feet away from Hanneke,* who was being towed through the water, from the Bow netting, looking at her. This interlock lasted for 2½ hours.

After the sadness of Percy, it was a magnificent affirmative experience. The sea takes a lot, but it always gives.

5 Pilot whales swimming between the TEHINI bows. On the right one mother and baby, centre mother and very small baby, single Pilot whale far left.



Dolphin Encounter Reports from Sea People.

People who were "encouraged" by the presence of Dolphins this year, were Kay and Bernie Parsons. From Milford Haven to the Scillys is a long, hard slog against nearly always bad, turbulent seas, with no safe Port to shelter in and the dangerous north Cornish coast alee. I always hated the trip aboard the Tehini, one reason why I moved to the south coast of Cornwall.

Kay and Bernie, plus son Karl, made it twice this year in the usual rotten conditions. Here is their Dolphin sighting report. They told us, separate from the reports, how comforted and protected they felt by the presence of the Dolphins. Their first sighting is approximately 25 miles from where we swim with Percy.

DOLPHIN SIGHTINGS ON TIKAROA (Tangaroa Mk. I) SUMMER 1984

by Kay and Bernie Parsons and son Karl

1st Sighting
Date: 17 July 1984
Position: 50° 23.5' N 6° 00' W
Time: 0630
Sea Conditions: Heavy swell
Weather: Wind Force 1–2 misty

Motor sailing towards the Cornish coast feeling extremely tired after 18 hours rough sail from Milford Haven (during night wind NW 5, swell from SW). Four bottlenosed dolphins approached fast from the direction of the Cornish coast, straight towards our bows.

As soon as they reached the bows they turned and swam with the boat. Most of the time two dolphins stayed between the hulls, while two took up positions alongside the outer hulls. We felt as if we were being guided to Cornwall.

They stayed with us for about 20 minutes changing positions occasionally. But for the best part of the time remained outside the hulls and two between the hulls. These would criss-cross from bow to bow under the forward net. They continued to be very active leaping in and out of the water until they left at approx. 0650.

Comments:
We were impressed with their judgement when swimming so close to the boat. When criss-crossing between bows they didn't colide with each other or the sides of the hulls. They did all of this at quite high speed.

2nd Sighting
Date: 1st August 1984
Position: 51° 14' N 5° 30' W
Time: 0518
Sea Conditions: Very heavy swell 10–12 ft. Confused seas
Weather: Wind SW4. Visibility very clear

Sailing from St. Marys, Isles of Scilly, towards Milford Haven at 7 knots. Weather beginning to abate after rough night. We had had the feeling that we were being accompanied by dolphins for some time during the night, as occasionally there were very large splashes near to the boat.

As dawn broke we thought we could see dorsal fins amongst the choppy waves approx. 20–30 ft. from the boat. But as we were so tired we wondered if we were imagining it. However we were not disappointed as a few minutes later several dolphins appeared close beside the boat. After feeling so tired the sight of these beautiful creatures brought us to life again. We felt elated.

They remained with us for just over an hour. There were approx. 8–12 bottlenosed dolphins. There may have been more, it was difficult to count them as they were so acrobatic. Amongst the group were 3 or 4 youngsters. As the large swells approached the stern of the boat 3 sometimes 4 dolphins could be seen riding the swell. They were always together in a row, looking like surfers who had caught the perfect wave. As they reached the stern they would dive underneath the hulls emerging beneath the forward net. This was repeated several times.

Every so often a group of dolphins would appear close to the port hull. About 7 or 8 in number. In formation 4 would leap out of the water over 3 or 4 others diving below at right angles to them. Occasionally a single dolphin would jump so high and close to the boat, that we were splashed with the spray as he dived back into the water. Sometimes 2 would play between the bows, almost touching the hulls. Their behaviour very similar to the dolphins we had sighted in July, criss-crossing between the hulls. At times they seemed to surround the boat performing as if in a circus.

This marvellous display continued for some time. Then they suddenly disappeared, only to return 10 mins. later. We had just started the engine to keep our speed up as there was a gale forecast, and wondered if their interest was renewed because of the engine noise. They repeated the actions seen before, but didn't stay for so long this time. We were sad to see them go, but felt so priviliged to have had such a wonderful experience. They swam off in the direction of St. Georges Channel.

Comments:
As with our first sighting we were again impressed with their accuracy in swimming so close to the boat, without ever hitting it. Particularly when they were riding the swells and diving beneath the boat. They always judged it exactly.

The Turner family in their 'Biscay Gale' this year were also 'encouraged by dolphins'. Here is their report:

DOLPHIN SIGHTINGS by the TURNER FAMILY (Steve, Sandy and 2 children) on board their ORO 'Imagine' sailing in the Bay of Bisquai

1st Sighting
Date: Saturday, 7th July 1984
Position: 48° N 6° W
Time: 2100 hours approx.
Sea Conditions: Slight swell
Weather: Slightly hazy

Three unidentified dolphins joined the boat (46' ORO) and swam with it for approximately 15 minutes. Only the dorsal fins were visible, the dolphins did not leap out of the water at all. They remained on the port side, sometimes swimming at the bows. They did not swim at the stern.

2nd Sighting
Date: Sunday, 8th July 1984
Position: 48° N 8° W
Time: 1300 hours
Sea Conditions: Moderate swell
Weather: Very good.. Winds SE, 3

Seven pilot whales, (two very large ones) which generally remained about 150 ft. away. They swam parallel with the boat, remaining at the same speed of the boat for about 15 minutes. There were two cows and three youngsters, always keeping tightly together. These five ventured very near to the boat, and actually criss-crossed from port to starboard, swimming under the boat. The two bulls did not come near to the boat. They left us due E.

About 5 minutes after the whales joined us, about 20 spinner dolphins appeared. They came so close, swimming all around the boat, around the bows and underneath. They stayed for 15 minutes. Two of the dolphins were not spinners; they were smaller (about 5 ft.) and a lighter colour. We think they were possibly bottle-nose. The dolphins were squeaking at the times when we were excitedly shouting and screaming. It was as if they were joining in with the fun. When we calmed down the dolphins stopped squeaking. The dolphins headed off in the same direction as the whales, due E.

3rd Sighting
Date: Tuesday, 10th July 1984
Position: 49° N 5° W
Time: 0700 hours
Sea Conditions: Very high swell
Weather: Poor. Winds S, 7–8

What seemed like literally hundreds of dolphins just appeared from nowhere. There were dolphins in every single wave. They were heading NE (the boat on a northerly course). They ignored the boat completely, probably because we were travelling very slowly. Identification was not possible. They were all around the boat, the sea seemed to be full of them. The dolphins were visible for only one minute because of their speed.

Personal Views:
Steve: I got the impression that the dolphins did not find us exciting enough. They obviously wanted to play, but we could not keep up with them.

Sandy: I could sense a communication of excitement between us and the dolphins. Obviously we were very thrilled and excited when we saw them, and they seemed to sense this. Their mood definetely matched ours. It was an almost unreal experience, as if we'd been picked out specially.

It does seem that dolphins are taking notice of our catamarans, and they do – as both the Parsons and the Turners report – give a feeling of togetherness and comfort when the sea-going is hard.

Please, Sea People, keep a look-out for catacean sightings and the circumstances and send them to this magazine in the same format as the Parsons' and Turners' reports.

NEWS FROM SEA PEOPLE....

Edited by Carol Barker

It is always exciting to read through the letters from Sea People worldwide. We do like Wharram sailors to keep us informed of their adventures.

TIKI News

This year, TIKIs have been launched all over the world. In addition to the places already mentioned, reports have come in from Reunion Island, Bahrain and the Mississippi to name just a few. There has been a suggestion to hold a TIKI/HITIA meeting in Europe in 1985, possibly in Southern Holland. Please, return the enclosed questionnaire if you are a TIKI or HITIA owner and wish to participate.

From Finland:

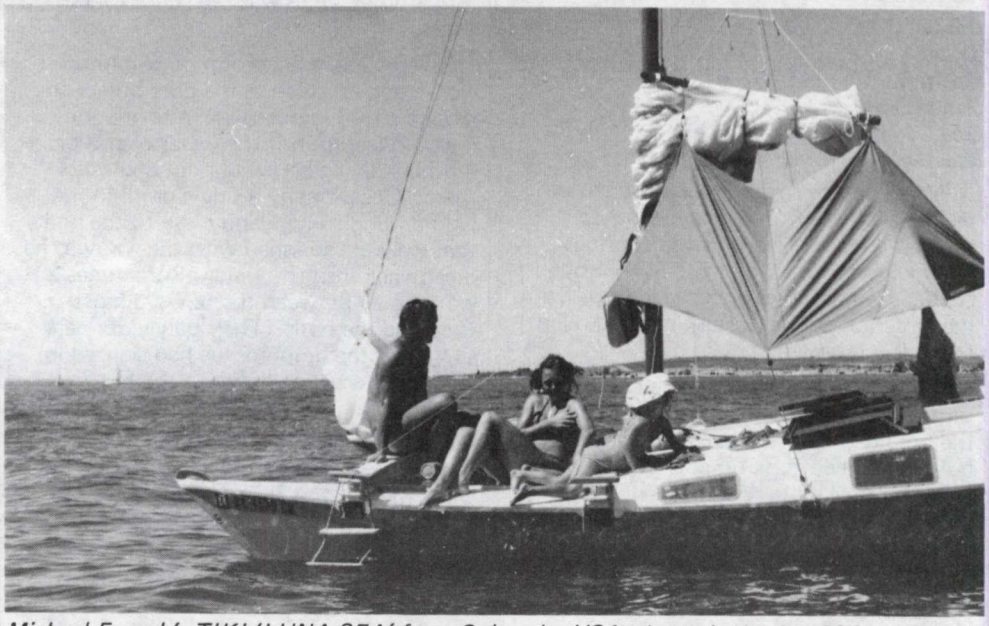
"I don't dare to claim that TIKI is the best and most beautiful boat in the world, but I couldn't exchange it for a more suitable one to me now – or more beautiful. TIKI is not only a boat, it's a work of art. Last summer was rainy and cold here in subarctic – only about 90 km to the arctic polar circle from our moorings. But, next summer . . . you know."

Samppa Liedes.

From Australia:

Mike Ricks reports:

"It's been a while since I've spotted any U.W.C.s (unidentified Wharram Cats) sailing up or down the coast. The article in your last issue (TIKI 21 in Moreton Bay) prompted a few phone calls, mainly from those who have had a set of plans tucked away in a drawer for many years and thinking, maybe a TIKI 21 might be more realistic in terms of time and money. And a couple of TIKI 21 builders have 'phoned for a chat."

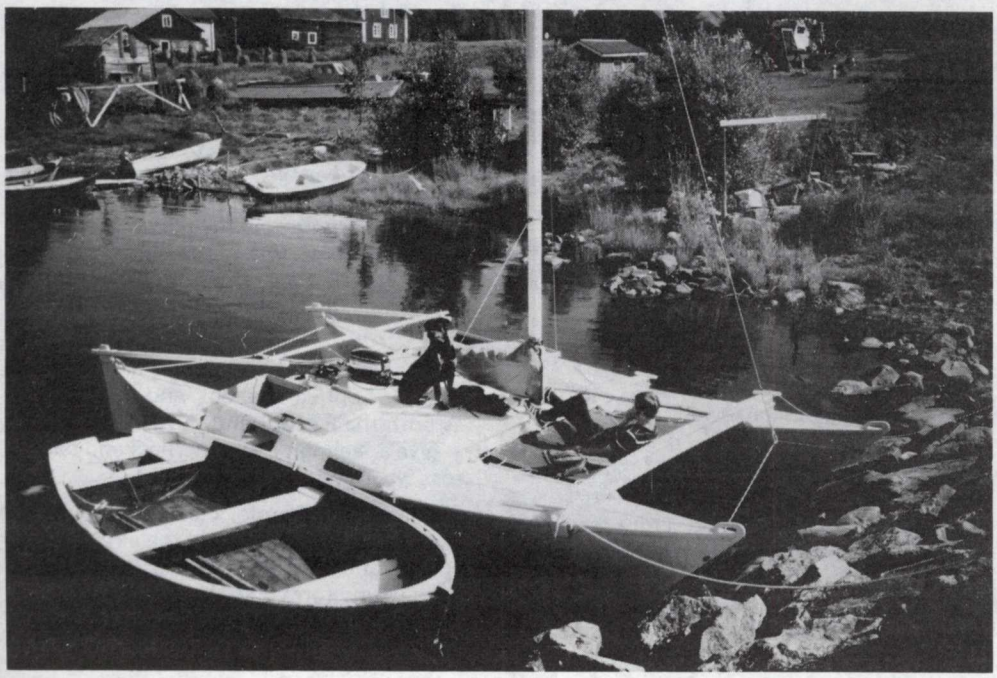


Michael French's TIKI 'LUNA SEA' from Colorado, USA. Launched July 1984. "She is a very stable vessel, and my wife and two young children sail her with confidence. Beating to windward under reefed main in a 3 ft. chop, the children are able to go below and sleep."

"George Dafforn wrote from self-inflicted exile in Western Australia, where he is working at the Argyll Diamond Mine. George has an almost finished TIKI 21 waiting for him in Atherton, North Queensland, and he has left his daughter doing the painting while he works for a couple of years. George bought the plywood when he was working up in New Guinea, cut out all the pieces and then air-freighted them in an enormous box to Cairns. He has opted for a Bermudan mainsail with traditional luff arrangement. Although I like the gaff sail, I, too, would have preferred normal luff slides/mast track and sacrificed a bit of performance for ease of stowing and rigging the mainsail. Also, George has had a $ 3,000 trailer built (by Rolls Royce?). From his home on the Athertone tableland, he is 80 km from the beautiful, northeren coral coast with its islands and the Gt. Barrier Reef. So, he is understandably looking forward to getting back from the deserts of W.A.

"I am doing a 1,000 mile service: painting, antifouling and replacing many of the lashings and halyards which have deteriorated very badly in the strong ultra violet. Summer is really here again!"

Samppa Liedes' TIKI in an old Salmon fishers village.



Maurice Killen reports that this summer he had a successful sojourn in the Mediterranean with his TIKI 21 'SASSY 3' with Paul Wells as well as his family for crew. He is really pleased with the performance and records one occasion during a force 4 when they covered a distance of 8 miles in 50 minutes without trying (i.e. 9.6 knots)! He succeeded in breaking his 0–10 knot log and had to replace it with a 0–20 knot model! Even in a force 7, at no time did 'SASSY 3' feel unsafe, although she did get a bit wet at over 12 knots!! Maurice has made several modifications to his boat which will appear in an article in the next issue of 'Sea People/Sailorman'.

HITIA News

We seldom hear news from HITIA builders. Maybe, most people are too busy sailing! Here are two short accounts of sailing HITIAs:

Leo Wilson of Galway, Ireland, writes:

"Just a short line to let you know about my HITIA.

"I eventually finished the boat at the end of July and since then have had several sails on Lough Carrib and on Galway Bay where I live. The boat sails very well in light winds and was excellent in a force 5 wind and rough seas last time we went out. She went to windward, no bother, and on the reach surfed with the waves. Thanks for your design and helpfull advice in the past."

Philip Dover in Cumbria wrote an account of his HITIA being hard-pushed by a group of Venture Scouts:

"As I am a Venture Scout Leader, my HITIA 'ARAWA' is frequently sailed by the scouts and is very popular, being safe, easy to sail, fast and impossible to capsize, or so I thought.

"The wind was blowing about force 5 at the end of October when I was supervising the Venture Scouts sailing on Bassenthwaite Lake. The monohulls were reefed but to suggest the same precautions to the two good sailors on 'ARAWA' would be like casting aspertions on their virility. She was really moving in a shower of spray when about a mile away, at the far side of the lake, she performed what can only be described as a graceful cartwheel, ending in the inverted position. I launched the rescue boat but 'ARAWA' was righted and underway again before I could reach her. They had of course allowed the leebow to bury itself in a wave during a reach and not released the sheets in time as the boat shuddered to a stop. They were catapulted off her as she somersaulted. Once they had stopped laughing (they are like that) and climbed onto the upturned boat, they decided to use the sheets and right her like a dinghy. They succeeded at the second attempt, but despite 'the early bath' it was another hour before they returned to shore to face me.

"The conclusions I came to are:

1) A Wharram can be capsized by wind and wave alone, *if pressed hard enough.*
2) The HITIA must have a very strong design to withstand cartwheeling with no structural damage whatsoever.
3) Two strong 10½ stone lads can right a capsized HITIA without assistance.
4) My woodwork is better than I thought – there was very little water in the hulls."

Florida, U.S.A.

Roger and Morney Ayres are getting very excited about the imminent launch (probably over by now) of their TANGAROA MK. IV. Although still without mast and sails, they hope to move aboard for Christmas. They write:

"We have built entirely of economy materials but even so, she is beginning to draw admiring glances and comments – gratifying to the harrassed and weary builder – they (Wharrams) are certainly some of the most elegant boats on the water, even with the additions we amateurs feel are improvements!

"As a matter of interest to other builders, we will have spent 1,800 hrs. + up to launch, working outside with the minimum of tools (electric drill, jigsaw and, latterly, planer – I wish it had been formerly!). This is actual working hours and does not include lunches, chats and beers! (or rain delays) but does include sheathing the hulls with just tissue and polyester – really just a weather and water seal – and some buying time.

"We think our layout (2 doubles and a single all in separate cabins) is great, with a separate shower/loo and a good galley, although we have sacrificed our 'chartroom' to a bedroom/lounge – we will just do our navigation in bed! We have decided on the ketch rig (I am ashamed to admit) because the cutter's mast would spoil that lovely central deck (and our 'outside' double berth!) So, having bored the pants off you, like all expectant parents, I will close wishing you a good Xmas as we won't have time for the niceties later on this year."

Good luck with the launching Roger and Morney. Hope you won't have too much trouble with the navigation!

Canada

David and Neila launched their boat (NARAI MK. IV) 'WINDCHIME' on 29.9. After a couple of short day sails, they set off with a crew of six people and three cats plus Harry Ellis who joined them for the first week to help them through the locks of the New York State Barge Canal. They sailed off towards Florida on 15th October.

Peter Maclean recently made his first long voyage in his HINEMOA. With Ernie Heard as crew, he sailed across Lake Ontario, 35 miles to Wilson, New York. They returned with a boatload of booze and no reports of any problems.

Ernie and Margaret Heard are at present on a 2 weeks cruise to the 1,000 islands on their TANGAROA 'CARIAD II'.

Bevan Crighton launched his NARAI MK. IV at Whitby (35 miles east of Toronto).

Roly and Gini Huebsch's NARAI 'OBOREA' was launched. It is still unfinished but they are really enjoying to be able to live aboard, and find it has added a new dimension, new freedom (physical and psychological) to their lives.

John and Diane Bellenger continue their travels on their ORO 'PYXIS'. They say, everywhere they go, they meet nice friendly people on Wharram cats.

John writes:

Our ORO – "PYXIS" sailed effortlessly both ways across the Atlantic. On three occasions we did over 200 n.m. in 24 hours (not noon to noon). We soon overcame, what our chief guru so well describes as – "sea-shock."

Some fog under Newfoundland, two gales and calms in between, kept us wondering and waiting for our escape into the good times ahead . . .

Once free of the banks we had marvellous sailing . . . Better than I ever imagined it would be. The Gulf Stream was as warm as a bath when it surprised us with the splashes of good fast sailing in a strong boat.

Horta, Fayal, was in Sea-Week celebrations – a great time. Tom and Carol Jones on "VIREO" were a good help to us. We were part of a fleet of 50 vessels at anchor in this tiny harbour! We were the 514th vessel that season!!

En route to Portugal we sailed through a NATO exercise, about 300 miles offshore. At 1.00 a.m. the sky became filled with helicopters with powerful search lights . . . The intensity of it all lead us to believe that a big jet liner must have crashed – but no . . . it was just "War Games" – Lasting all night – 'til we left them behind with all their power and noise. The Portuguese seem to be a very underrated people. They are hard-working, caring, friendly and honest.

After a pleasant few months on the Algarve, with side trips by 'bus and train to Lisbon and Seville, we sailed to Las Palmas in the Canary Islands. What a busy port!! Difficult to see why such a speck in the ocean could possibly need all that sea-traffic!

Ernie Heard's TANGAROA 'CARIAD II', Jack Dundas' NARAI 'RU' in background.

Also there was a huge fleet of sailing boats there . . . about 80 I think (or *more*). Including about five or six Polycats among which – a beautiful Norwegian "ORO", a lovely Dutch "TANGAROA" and a fantastic "NARAI" called "WHITE . . . ?(something) stood out. (Could this be "WHITE FLYER" from Chichester?)

Your original "RONGO"* (I think) is there, in good condition. On a beam something was carved . . . 1958. Could this be really it?! Looked good. It had a certain style about it which seemed to compare well with any of the newer designs. The cabin interiors were impressive. The beams more towards the ends afforded excellent cabin lengths. It only lacked running rigging. **(Though this is one of our RONGO designs, it is not* **our** *original RONGO, Ed.)*

Busy, dirty but happy for a few weeks there. We had to struggle for hours to free our anchor, and then off to sea once more! We slanted a course out and around the islands – then Westward Ho!

For the trades – & Barbados . . . which were in reality even better than the long held dream. No problems at all. Good progress and much fun. At one time we ran under twin jibs and a small mizzen spinnaker for eleven days and nights without any changes or even trimming sheets!

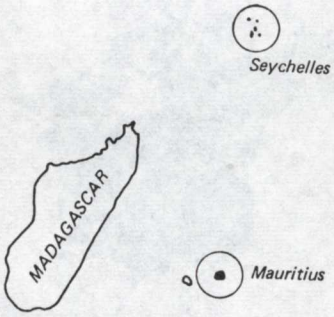
Had a good sea-Xmas and sailed the old year out and new one in (1984). Navigation was standard. Food was good. We baked bread daily, used many dried goods.

Carried 107 gallons of water but used only about 50 gallons (for three of us on our 23 days crossing). A good landfall. Very fast sail into Carlisle Bay. Barbados is beautiful.

Met Harold and Wendy Goddard, our Polycat friends." *(See Sea People No. 1 'KISKADEE round the world'. Ed.)*

They are back in Toronto working for a while to replenish their coffers and prepare the boat for the tropics.

Jayne Moss on board ORO in Seychelles.



Seychelles

In the last issue you read of Chris and Jayne Moss' sail in their ORO from Gibraltar to the Seychelles. We have received a delightful account of their sojourn in those beautiful islands. Sounds like the stuff dreams are made of:–

We arrived in Seychelles on 6th November, 1983, after drifting rather than sailing down the Indian Ocean from Aden. Despite this lack of wind, our journey was a wonderful experience, each day bringing new entertainment. One day boiling seas of fish, the next, the incredible acrobatics of the spinner dolphins, sperm whales swimming under the hulls, and of course, spectacular sunrises and sunsets.

For those of you considering visiting the Seychelle islands, I would strongly urge you on. We've had a wonderful time cruising the numerous inner and outer islands, and after almost a year here have come to the conclusion that it is the ideal cruising ground for multihulls. We can always get so much closer to the shore and reefs, and, most important of all, at high tide, can get inside the reef to those lovely calm, safe waters, while the monohulls sit outside, rolling uncomfortably.

Mahe, the main island, is a breath-taking sight from the sea; towering mountains, clothed in dense vegetation and shrouded in thick clouds. It's unfortunate that the mystic has to be so rudely shattered by the arrival of the army, guns and all, to search your boat for hidden weapons and mercenaries (they are terrified of another coup). However it's all bluster and bravado and shouldn't be taken too seriously. Once safely anchored in Port Victoria you'll probably not see them again. The Seychelles Yacht Club is close at hand, where tasty, cheap (for Seychelles!) snacks can be bought and where the cheapest beer in town is found.

On arrival you're given a list of official anchorages within the inner island group, which looks rather sparce, but, in practise, these are the only safe over-night stops anyway. There are also many privately-owned islands not on the list, but it is very easy to get permission to visit them, particularly if you're prepared to take the mail!

As well as the obvious attractions of deserted, unspoilt beaches, palm trees blowing gently in the breeze, and azure blue, warm, shark-free waters, there is a wealth of marine and bird-life – the fragile beauty of the fairy tern, the grace of the long-tailed tropic-bird, the ludicrous boobies and the bewildering number of fish, colourful corals, to be found on the numerous, easily-accessible reefs.

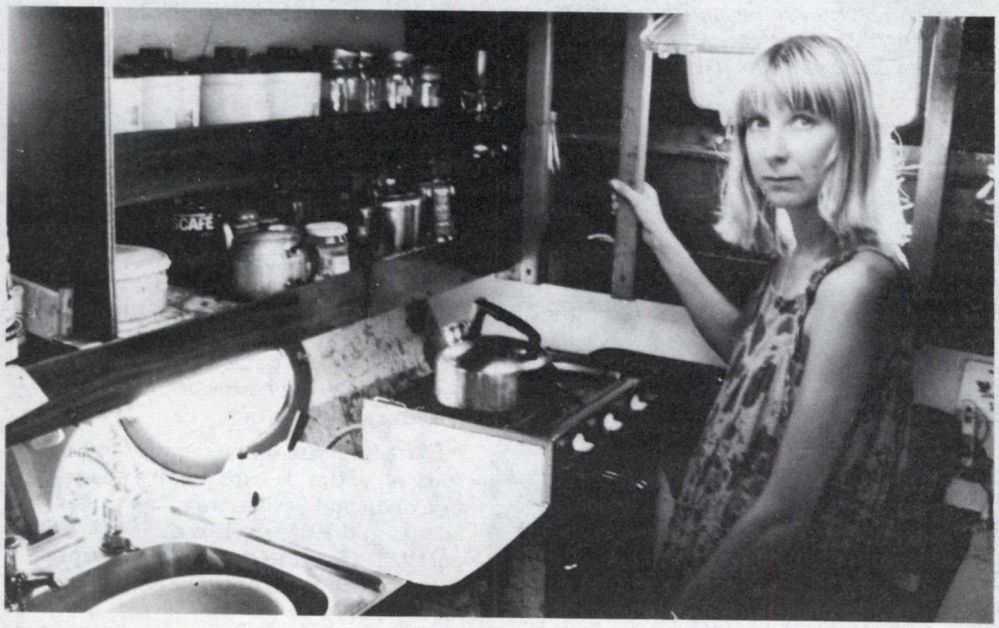
The Seychellois themselves are a friendly people – once you've broken through their natural reserve – and the pace of life is distinctly SLOW. Naturally indolent, it's impossible to be in a hurry in Seychelles as you'll find out when shopping.

We stayed in Seychelles for 10 months, visiting islands such as Praslin, where you'll find the majestic Valle de Mai and the famous coco-de-mer, the aptly-named Silhouette, which actually takes its name from an 18th century French finance minister, Aride and Cousin, bird sanctuaries Curieuse, with perhaps the best snorkelling in the area, plus of course the ugly, yet endearing giant land tortoises.

The inner group of islands are all granitic, so on our way to Kenya we called in at a few of the outer islands which are all corraline, and, without exception, are wild, wind-swept, sparcely-vegetated, and flat, but with excellent diving and snorkelling.

This particular voyage was an epic in its own right, but there isn't room here to go into detail. Suffice to say, it was one of contrasts, from the most wonderful to the most dreadful. We had some terrific squalls and saw some of the biggest waves we've ever encountered, and yet the islands made up for all the discomfort. The highlight of the trip was Aldabra, the outer-most island in this group and the most magical. Just as its name suggests, it casts a spell, with its vast awe-inspiring lagoon, more like an inland sea, its weird landscape of 'champignon' – deadly to walk on, its teaming bird-life, many of which are rare and endemic species, upside-down jellyfish, and tantalising glimpses of those endangered turtles. Our stay was made all the more wonderful by the overwhelming hospitality of the Research Station Staff who not only invited us to dinner each night, but took us on trips into the lagoon.

We had an uneventful passage to Mombassa where we are now based. We've just come back from a 'safari' (Swahili for journey) up country . . . but that's another story . . .



Portugal

Portugal continues to be a popular venue – not only for perpetual voyagers – but also a good stopover for further travels on departure from U.K. Waters. Readers of Sea People will be familiar with Tim and Heather Whelan's previous writing. This summer they set off from Falmouth on their beautiful Narai Mk. IV 'IKA ROA' for, eventually, New Zealand. Here is an account of the first stage of their journey:–

"We've been meaning to write for ages . . . but you know how it is when it's hot and sunny and wine is so cheap!

We got here on 30th August which was our wedding anniversary so that seemed a good reason to try the local food and drink.

We're anchored on the beach beside 'Double Negative', the catamaran (not a Wharram!) we were beside in Penryn. So, together with them and a couple of locals we went to one of the three bars on Culatra. There we had a meal and two bottles of wine for 500 escudos (£2.50!). The others bought four bottles of wine and we just about staggered back to the boats – a good thing the tide was out!

Mike O'Sullivan of 'HAPPY RETURN' is still here but we missed 'YIN YANG', John Shores' Tehini, by a few days.

Culatra is an ideal place for catamarans as the island forms a lagoon which is sheltered. You can go right onto the beach. There are five catamarans here at the moment. We've been busy since we got here. We've repainted the decks and done a lot of maintenance work which we'd been putting off.

Cruising Spain and Portugal, we've come into contact with a lot of people who are interested in Wharrams.

Firstly there was the man we met in El Ferrol who'd known James and Ruth from Tangaroa's trip.

In Peniche, Portugal, we met some Italians who are just about to start a Captain Cook. They reckon it's the cheapest place in Europe to build.

The French seem very interested in Wharrams. One couple we know have decided that if they ever lose their steel boat they'll build a Wharram next. Another couple taking a year off in a tiny monohull intend to build a Wharram when they get home.

The French yacht beside us at Viana de Costella came up to show us an article he'd been reading in a French yachting magazine about Wharrams. 'Simplicity and Practicality' was how another Frenchman described our boat.

Some Norwegians we have been sailing together with (they have a 'Colin Archer') are friends of the builders of 'VAHINE' the Norwegian ORO you photographed at the Scandinavian meeting.

Funny but we don't get the same friendly interest from English people . . .

A word of advice to anyone coming this way next year. Not everyone is happy with the 'Yachtsman's Guide to the Atlantic Coasts of Spain and Portugal' by Sloma (Published by Imray, Laurie, Nomie and Wilson). Buy charts instead. Spanish charts are half the Admiralty charts price. They are available at the Maritime Police, El Ferrol, which is an excellent place to enter.

Most places in N. Spain are free to anchor at. At El Ferrol there is a minimal charge (about 50p per day) to tie alongside. At La Corunna (we're told) it's free unless you're on a pontoon. We got a shock at Bayona, therefore, when we found it was 600 pesetas (£3) per day. Not a lot maybe – but £3 more than anywhere else. So we moved from the Y.C.'s buoys and pontoons into the centre of the bay where every now and then someone (he seemed to be the carpark attendant!) unconnected with the Y.C. came and charged us some minute amount.

But, of course, now we were turned back from the pontoons and told it was 'not possible' to use the facilities. The 'facilities' were cold showers and a so-called laundrette (someone takes it away to do at home) and a plush bar/restaurant – so we didn't miss much.

At Bayona Y.C. they're starting to realise there's money to be got from yachtsmen. We started (unintentionally – but where *one* anchors, six more will get as close as possible) an anti-Y.C. faction and soon there were more of us anchored than using the Y.C. buoys and pontoons.

Our Norwegian friends had engine trouble so couldn't manoeuver into the Y.C. area. They offered to pay the amount they'd pay if on a buoy, if they could use the facilities. No, they were told. It was a rule: using the buoys, you could use the facilities, not using the buoys, you couldn't use the facilities!

We entered Portugal at Viana do Costella where we also had to pay a small amount – not actually for using the dock but for opening the footbridge to allow you into the dock. £1 for the bridge = 10p a day!

On entering Portugal you have to pay for a booklet which is stamped at every Portuguese port of call. You can't get escudos in Spain so we paid with pesetas. Otherwise there are banks in Viana which you could call at, en route, to the Port Captain.

The rest of Portugal, like Spain, has been free.

The Yacht Club at Cascais is extremely helpful – in marked contrast to Bayona.

Having studied the chart and chatted to others who've been there, we reckon that from Viana do Costello to Nazare is not worth looking at closely. We made a long hop from Viana to Peniche, a busy fishing port. We antifouled here – I really liked it – Heather was not so keen.

Culatra is great in some respects if you've the time. Winds are generally light and variable along the Algarve. If you don't have much time I'd not bother with the detour.

Some things we've found really invaluable on IKA ROA:

Hatches over all bunk cabins – I'm sure I'd have suffocated before now without these. Jim's "Maurice Griffiths" type hatches don't leak – well mine don't anyway!

A large deck tent which covers the main deck from main to mizzen and out to guard rails – stay cool!

Guard rails – great for hanging washing on. Forward pairs fold flat to get dinghies on and off easily.

A genoa the same size as the mainsail and a boom for this – good for running and well balanced.

A diving platform – similar to the one in the first "Sea People" but covers the width of after deck – really excellent. Restow other gear to balance the weight.

Home-made trim tab self steering gear which really works!!

Well that's about it for now. Next week we should be heading for Madeira, then the Canaries. We intend to leave the Canaries in late November for Barbados.

P.S. Dolphins seem to be avoiding us – nothing much to report here. Everyone else we meet has seen them all over – whales too!"

(Just received a card from the Wheelans from La Palma, Canaries – with a 'Wharram' on the post-card - Ed.)

To our knowledge three other boats also left Falmouth this Summer, seeking the sun; the Prusak family from Finland came to the Summer meeting in their TANGAROA MK. IV "AMANDA", Dave Irving and Ken Neuron in their beautiful PAHI 31 "FREEBIRD" and Malcolm Dines in his NARAI MK. IV "KITTY". They all set off in the Autumn at approximately the same time, and headed for Spain and Portugal. They made good crossings with no problems, and we await further news of their travels. Good luck and happy cruising to all of them.

Azores

Joao Fraga in the Azores has suggested that due to the number of Polycats sailing on both sides of the Atlantic, how about organising a pursuit race to Horta, Fayal. He said there are many activities to be involved in on Horta, like dolphin and whale watching, and the island is within easy reach of most ocean going catamarans. He thinks it would be a good idea to coincide with the Azores 'Sea Week', 4th – 11th August, 1985. Anyone interested in taking part should contact the editor.

He also reports the good news that the Azorian Parliament has decided to keep the dolphin protection law as it was, a fight for which many of us had been campaigning.

Ireland

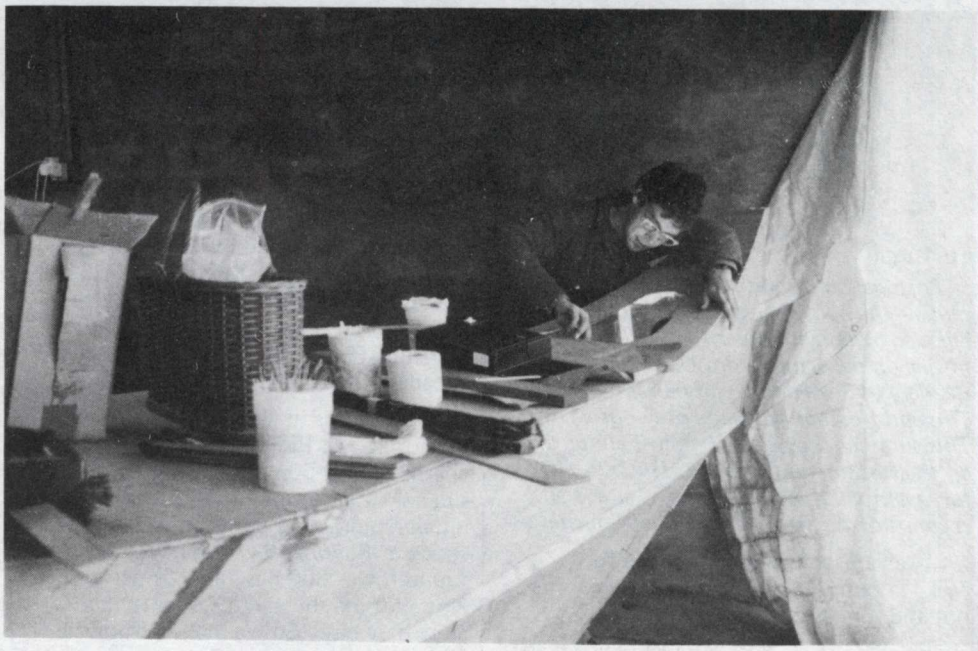
Andre Viljoen, TIKIROA builder in Dublin, but perhaps better known as draughtsman of the HITIA Plans and helper on J.W.D's Boatshow stand, writes:

It certainly feels as though Ireland is witnessing Wharram renaissance. At least four longstanding boats are afloat, one being the 35' prototype PAHI in Cork; another, as far as I can identify from descriptions, is a TANGAROA moored on Carlingford Lough.

Then there are the four newcomers; in the west of Ireland Danny Commerford has launched his AREOI, while three new boats are set to arrive in Dublin. The first will be a TANGAROA built between 1974 and 1979 and currently lying in Fleetwood, UK. Brendan O'Callaghan intends bringing this boat over and using her casually for fishing with a drift net. As a sprit-rigged ketch she will be the only such boat in Dublin Bay. *(This Tangaroa was built by our Chairman Robin Fautley).*

Also in Dublin there are two PAHIS under construction – Fiach O'Brolchain's CAPTAIN COOK and my own TIKIROA. Both of us are using the West system and both of us are building alone. Fiach has a long but enjoyable task ahead of him, having begun at the beginning of this year. His first hull is now ready for sheathing with plywood but as temperatures have dropped and humidity risen, I suspect that this will be delayed.

I started prefabricating the parts for my TIKIROA ('ANNA BLUME') in July and now have the starboard hull decked and the port hull stitched together and waiting for the spring weather to allow the epoxy fillets to be made. By

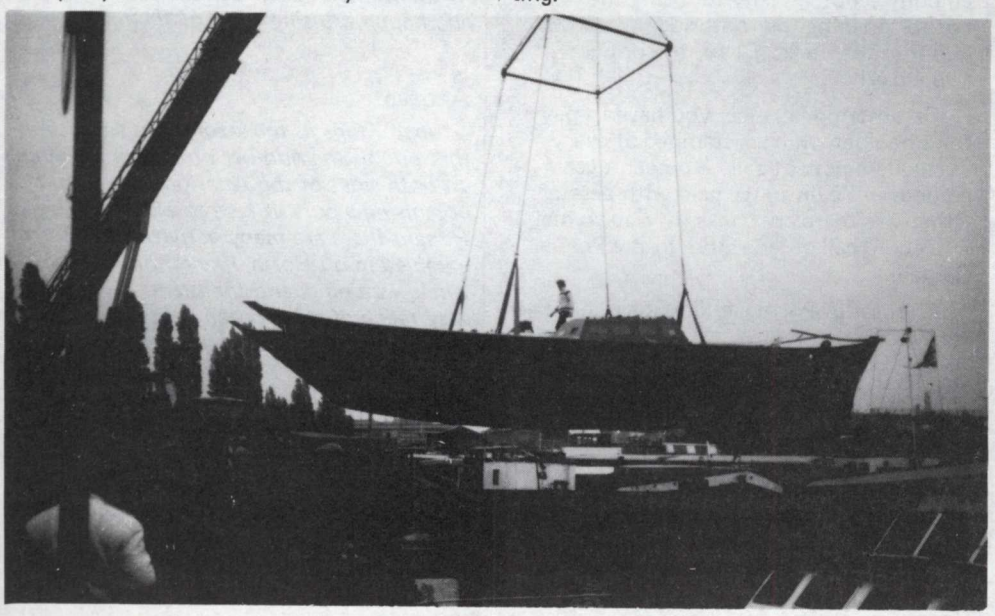


Andre Viljoen creating his TIKIROA 'ANNA BLUME'.

Christmas I hope to have beams constructed. Fortunately, I was able to accumulate all my materials at once, and this had the advantage of allowing me to prefabricate all the basic parts for the hull except the decks. This has a number of benefits:–

1) You learn to use tools on flat pieces of timber.
2) Confidence is gained in ones ability to make pieces to measure.
3) One can epoxy coat 8' lengths of timber which are easier to lay out and protect as the epoxy cures.
4) The second hull goes together much more rapidly, as all the fiddling jobs have been done. This is the time when you are at a low ebb as the excitement of the first hull begins to wane. However, I've been surprised at how thrilling it is to see the shape of a boat emerge from flat rectangles of ply. Especially a shape as beautiful as this.

Whilst building has been exciting, and more so as each stage is completed, I know that sailing will be ten times more stimulating.



Germany

We recently received an interesting report of activities in Germany during the year from Wilfriede Magerfleisch. Here is an impressive account of a young German woman building a TEHINI (what a magnificent achievement; it can be done!) and its launching this summer. Well done, Anne!

Anne Nienhaber : Tehini named 'TE RAPUNGA'.

Probably the most important event in '84 was the launching of Anne's cat. It took her seven years to build her boat and it has been a big happening when the crane took this enormous and very nicely built cat out of a barn close to Bremen. At night it was brought on a flat-bed-trailer and with police-escort to the river Weser.

On the river Weser the sailing-trim and motor-trim tours have been done very well. But because of bad weather Anne couldn't move the boat immediately after launching to her mooring at the river Elbe. Some weeks later she made it successfully across the northern-sea down to Wischhaven at the river Elbe where her mooring is.

On this trip her sonic-set-drive, renamed into panic-set-drive, broke its reverse gear.

In July she made a trip for five weeks through the Kiel canal to the Danish Southern Baltic Sea with a lot of friends. 'TE RAPUNGA' behaved very well, but of course had some problems of tacking. So if possible we ask James in one of the next

A magnificent effort by Anne Nienhaber, TEHINI 'TE RAPUNGA'.

Sea People for an article about tacking cats (techniques, proposals, recommendations).

Anne made her way back safely to the mooring and in the late summer there has been some day sailing on the Elbe.

Raffael Benner : Ariki named 'AYNURA'

He sailed as in the years before through the Danish islands. On some of his trips he has been joined by some group-members like Georg Sticker, Dirk Schlatow, Wilfriede Magerfleisch. As he is an expert on the Danish islands he offers to everybody his experience and knowledge. He also is very interested in inviting Sea People to join his trips in '85. We don't want to forget to mention that he is not only a good music teacher but also a very patient sailing teacher.

Georg Sticker's PAHI 31 is almost finished. He thinks that the launching will be in May 1985. Because of lack of motivation in working at his boat he made one charter trip to England on a monohull, a weekend trip with Raffaels Ariki and one week chartering a monohull at the Cote d'Azure. As Georg build his PAHI with the WEST method he offers his support to others.

Dirk Schlatow : Oro named 'SANGSANGANA'.

As Dirk's Oro is in his garden for re-building, he built a shelter of 120m^2 above his boat. He already removed the deck, the beams and all furniture, so that the bare hulls are now ready for having the old paint taken off on the inside and outside. He also discussed with Hanneke to move the second beam one meter forward to extend the middle cabins. Theo, a professional boat builder, helps him every fortnight, so they think the launching will be in May, but 1986.

Michael Nork : Ariki named 'TWISTLE'.

In 1983 he bought the boat in England. This summer he sailed it to Germany to the River Schley.

During the winter it will be in a dry-dock in Flensburg for repairing and re-building.

So this is the news from Germany and we are looking now forward to our second meeting, which will be on the 9th February, 1985 in Kiel at Raffael Benners House.

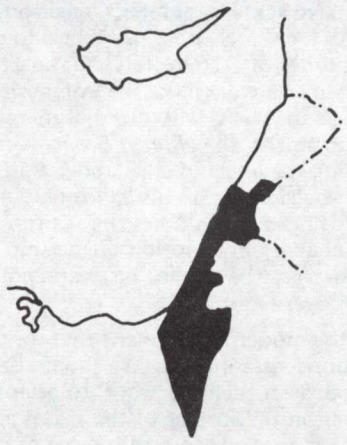
LAUNCHINGS

Three 'CAPTAIN COOK's have been launched this year in Europe:

Helmut Fink's 'RAINBOWBIRD' – see 'Sea People' No. 2 – was launched in Italy. Ruth Wharram had hoped to be at the launching, but as Helmut Fink had to go to hospital, the 'official' launching with sea trials had to be postponed until next Spring. However, the boat is in the water.

So is Oelke Bos' 'BANANAS' whose launching Ruth did attend last September in Rotterdam, Holland.

The third 'CAPTAIN COOK', also in Holland, is Johan Letschert's 'LA MIRAGE', which he has built in one year full time work.



Israel

George Payne and his RAKA must be familiar to most P.C.A. members. In 1979, when George put RAKA up for sale, it was agreed that the changeover to her new owner should take place during and after that summer's M.O.C.R.A. Plymouth to Azores Race. We have received a letter from RAKA's new owner, Yoav Ktalav:

The history of RAKA is of special interest to us as we are now sailing the same RAKA that George Payne so beautifully built. Although she was built as a racer she did not lose her seaworthiness and seakindliness, as was so well demonstrated in August '79 when we started the MOCRA Plymouth to Horta race against a force 7–8 storm which lasted three days and forced the rest of the fleet to return when RAKA – with George as the skipper – kept her course against the sea and won the race on handicap.

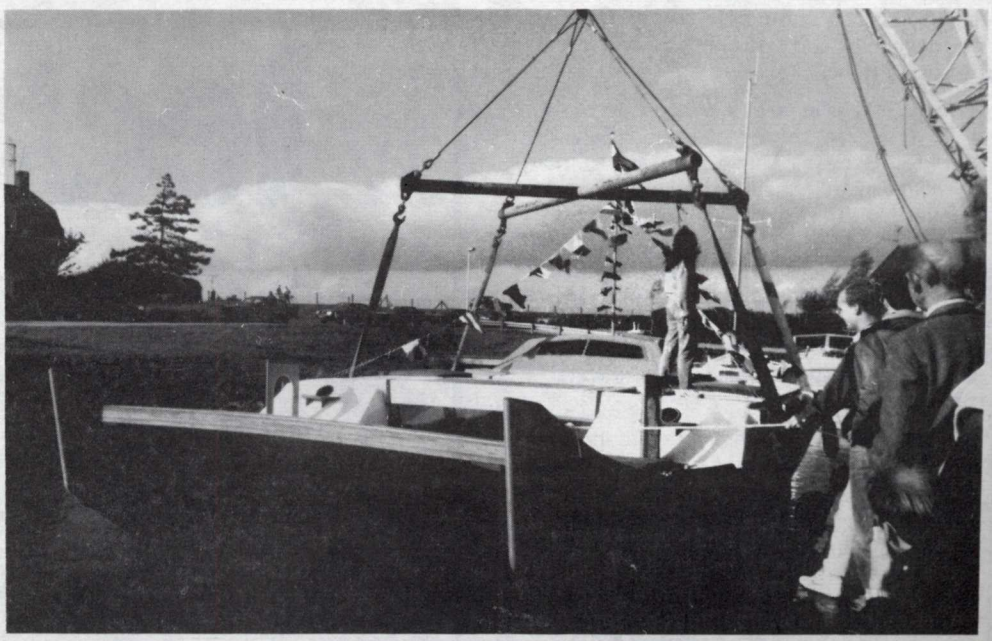
We still enjoy this beautiful materialisation concept of economy and simplicity so artistically come to life. We are sailing her now in the East Mediterranean where calms are so frequent. We only added big windows in the front of each cabin, a good boarding ladder, gas and (220v) refrigerator and, most important, a 42m^2 1.5 oz drifter, which serves us so good, going with the lightest wind as close as we ever dare hope. In order to further improve our light wind performance we ordered another 100 m^2 of light nylon for a spinnaker, but as it happened we lost our drifter at sea in a rare force 5 when I, in exhibition of bad seamanship, sailed with full working rig going fast and hard into the waves, tearing open the starboard sponson floor, down came our blue and light green self-made pride and joy. So now we are making another drifter and the spinnaker will have to wait another year (I hope).

The only price we have to pay is that RAKA is a very uncomfortable boat to live on for longer than a few days period, especially now as we have Noa, our one year old daughter, added to the crew. Arna, her mother, complains that changing diapers in the confined cabin area in a rolling sea with a baby who most of all wanted to go nude is her worst experience at sea, worse even than preparing a meal in a storm.

In Israel the number of polycats are increasing slowly, most of them moored in Tel Aviv and two in Eilat, so our only connection to multihull sailing is through occasional letters to friends abroad, 'Multihulls' and the P.C.A. magazines, which makes those magazines important to us and explains our relief to find out that the confusion in the P.C.A. is over. We can only hope that the designer will not censure members wishing to correspond through the magazine about changes in the design, changes that the designer may not approve. For me it is much more interesting to read about discussions on such 'improvements' than the need to speculate about the willingness of dolphins to communicate with us.

Thanks for excellent No. 2.

Don't worry, Yoav, changes in design that will be of benefit to all P.C.A. builders are wanted, needed and will be fully reported. Indeed, Tim Ainley's and Harry Ellis' changes in the RAKA design, as reported in this and the previous issue answer your concern. The next issue will feature changes in the TIKI design by Maurice Killen.



The launching of Oelke Bos 'CAPTAIN COOK' 'BANANAS'. Why Bananas? It could be its bright colour, or how Oelke felt at the end of construction?

Have you read?

By J.W.

Cruising World

Have you read the September issue of Cruising World 1984? A year ago I drew attention to the September 1983 issue, full of interest for the Sea People/Sailorman reader, a year later they have done it again.

It begins on the Readers Letters Page, where one Philip Caesar of St. John, the Virgin Isles, castigates builders, designers and yacht salesmen, for putting and advertising 6–8 berths on a 32' boat!! He writes that in his opinion, a 32 foot boat is suitable for a single couple, with perhaps 2 children, a 40 foot boat for two couples and a 50 foot boat for 3 couples.

He is right. If you were to build a typical luxury yacht interior in a Hotel Room, you would, if you used the advertised sleeping accommodation (and up against the toilet) you would have the Public Health Authorities condemming it.

I, am pressurised by the "Plagiarists" to show and quote more berths in my accommodation interiors. In the new Tiki 31 we can quote a ridiculous *10;* 4 double berths and two single. That is without using the deck!!!

Page 39 has an article of a group of 4 on a 46' Trimaran, shipwrecked on a Bahamiar Reef for 12 days. Most important to their survival was that they a) had a "Survival Bucket" with medicine and water purifying tablets etc., ready packed and prepared as ship's equipment. b) they carried their water in plastic containers (Jerry cans) like we advise, not built-in ships tanks, so they were able to carry a supply of fresh water ashore. c) they had rice in plastic watertight containers, too.

The whole article shows common sense seamanship in prior thinking "What would happen *if*". One must always, when sailing out of reach of immediate help, think *if.* That is a prime difference between a cruising sailor and the racing sailor, who says "I must get there first, to hell with *if*."

Page 84 has another article (the first was in the May issue) by Marvin Creamer aged 68, who is sailing around the world with – "No sextant, compass, electronics or wristwatch". He does use tables to give him altitudes of certain stars, but apart from them, he works like the Polynesians, Vikings, and Arabs, who use that marvellous instrument, the *Human Brain,* measuring the angle of stars above the horizon by sighting on his *hands* held above his head. He studies the sea for colour changes, the motion of the ship for wind changes, the sky for birds and colour changes over land.

All the modern equipment that we use, drives our senses inward. We should be able to project them outward, to orient ourselves on the surface of the sea. I am thinking more and more that some of my mental attitudes in recent years have been going the wrong way. Indeed, I mentioned in the Sailing to Windward section, using an electronic wind indicator!!! Mike, the Secretary, who read the article, says critically "Try that type of sailing along the coast!!" he is right, please do not sail off believing that *you* can do this. Remember, much Hi Tech exists for very *low* mental application of the operator. Low Tech requires very *high* mental application of the operator and *takes time* to learn.

Page 111 has an article by my old friend Bernard Moitessier "Towards the 'Reality' of a better Boat". Bernard grew up in Vietnam, learnt sailing on Vietnamese Junks. Before he describes his ideal boat, a steel monohull, he describes simply made wooden Vietnamese anchors, pumps, rigging, and using sawdust and cowdung released under the boat in the water, to float into the plank seams, to then expand and stop leaks.

[When he lived in Trinidad, he was using a mixture of dried clay and cement as filler applied underwater].

As I have written in the past, each issue of Sea People/Sailorman has it's own character. This issue seems to be saying; do not forget simplicity: John Shores' no engine sailing, Marvin Creamer's no instrument navigation and Bernard Moitessier's early sailing experiences. 'Cruising World' September 1984 is an issue well worth collecting.

Cruising World can be bought for a few dollars.

Seamanship in the Age of Sail

The next book I wish to review is much more expensive: £30 is it's English price. Its title is *Seamanship in the Age of Sail,* and is an account of the Ship handling of the sailing Man-Of-War 1600 to 1860, based on contemporary sources, by John Harland, illustrated by Mark Myers, published by Conway Martins Press Ltd., 24 Bride Lane, Fleet Street, London EC4Y 8DR.

The text, illustrations, diagrams and photographs of this book are a delight to the eye: clear, concise and artistic; obviously a book for the sailing ship lover, and readers of the innumerable Sailing Ship sea novels beginning with Foresters Hornblower Series and so on, to Dudley Pope.

Apart from that which interests large numbers of PCA members, what use is it to us? Well, it has basic information on stability, how the sails work, anchoring, rope usage, man overboard; the whole range of "Seamanship", practical information that we can convert and use for improving our own sailing abilities.

My sailing teachers included an 85 year old Thames Barge skipper, born around 1869, Sailing Lateen skippers of the north Spanish coast, and a man (Mr. Culley) who previously sailed a traditional Alden Schooner from Siam to Europe. I was fortunate in my sailing youth; I got the flavour and feeling of the "Age of Sail". This book gives that flavour to those who have not had my fortunate experiences.

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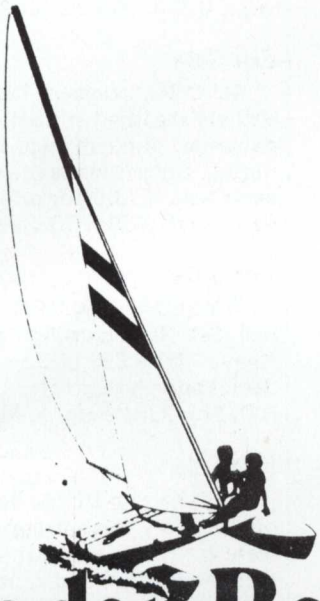

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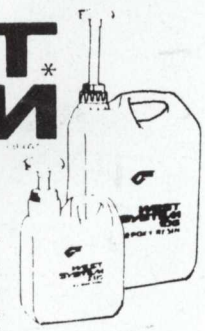

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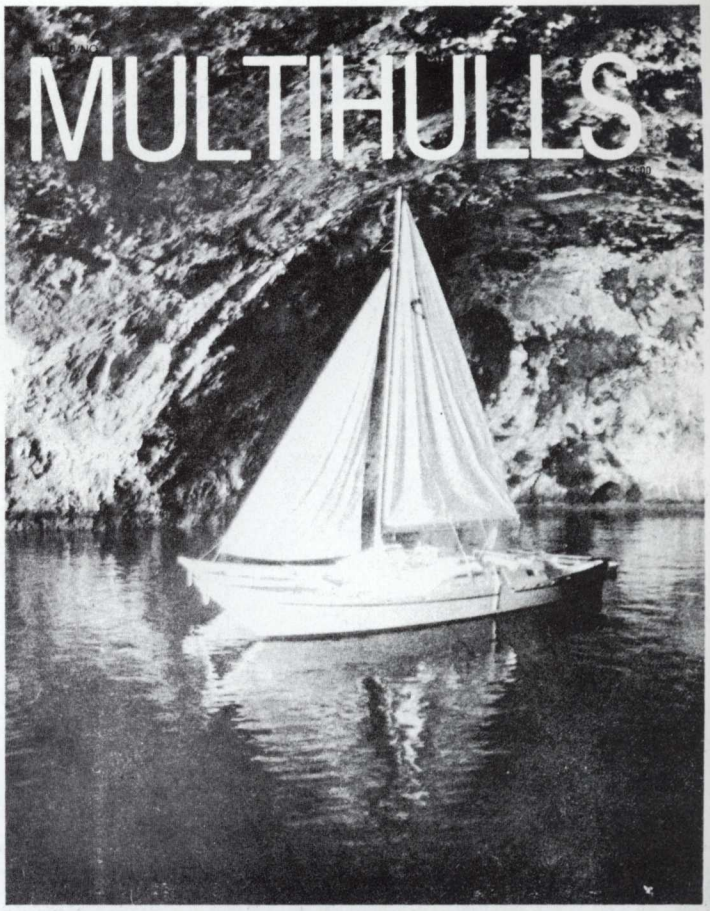

January/February 1984 Cover Photo: Wade Doak's RAKA 'INTERLOCK' in Rikoriko Cave, New Zealand, with inside story: 'A Cat Among The Dolphins'.

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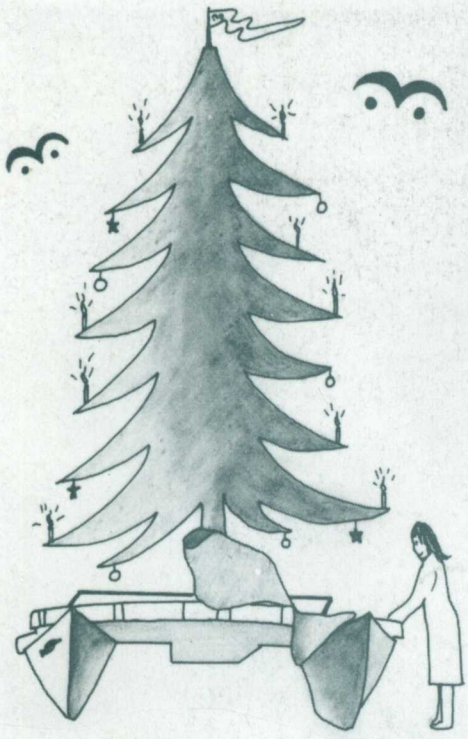


Advertisements

At the August meeting of the P.C.A. at the Devoran base, the committee members present took the opportunity to hold a short committee meeting to discuss the developments and progress that had occurred during this year. As the result of the comments made at the 1984 AGM concerning the 'Buying and Selling Register', it was decided to introduce a small ads section in the 'Sea People/ Sailorman', whereby vendors could advertise a boat at the rate of £3.00 per 30 words (max.) advert per issue. All committee members at this meeting felt that it was time the P.C.A. actually received some commission on every sale made through its efforts. In future a list of boats for sale will only be sent to individuals (P.C.A. members only) upon the receipt of a SAE or the full cost of postage. Details will then have to be applied for direct from the vendors.

For Sale

TANE 1981 Epoxy sheathed Marine Ply. 3 Jeckells sails, Seagull L.S.90 outboard. Lying at free mooring on Orwell. Nice boat, in good condition. £3500 ono. Swanley 64962 or Wymondham 603056.

For Sale

40' Wharram NARAI 1975, 18' beam, wheelhouse, cutter. Aluminium mast with club staysail and Jib. Sleeps 6. Honda 10. Documented clean and well equipped. US $ 18,000. Multihull Sales of the Northwest, U.S.A. 206-367-0252.

For Sale

46' ORO, launched 1978. Exterior ply entirely sheathed in CSM and cloth/ polyester. Inboard engine. Traditionally rigged. Diligently maintained and excellent condition. £7,500 or offers. Peter Mills. Farnworth (0204) 706392.

For Sale

'TYLLUAN', an ORO, fully fitted out incl. Sat. Nav. Excellent condition. Lying Kenya. Price £20,000 ono. For further details and photographs: A.P. Sherrett, P.O. Box 336, Victoria, Mahe, Seychelles.

For Sale

23' Wharram HINA, Bermudan Cutter rigged. Very pleasing appearance. Complete with L/S 4hp. Evenrude O/B (less than 30 hrs. use) and 7' inflatable dinghy. £800.00. Phone day 0268 415511, or evenings 0702 331729.

Winter Meeting -AGM- Winter Meeting -AGM-

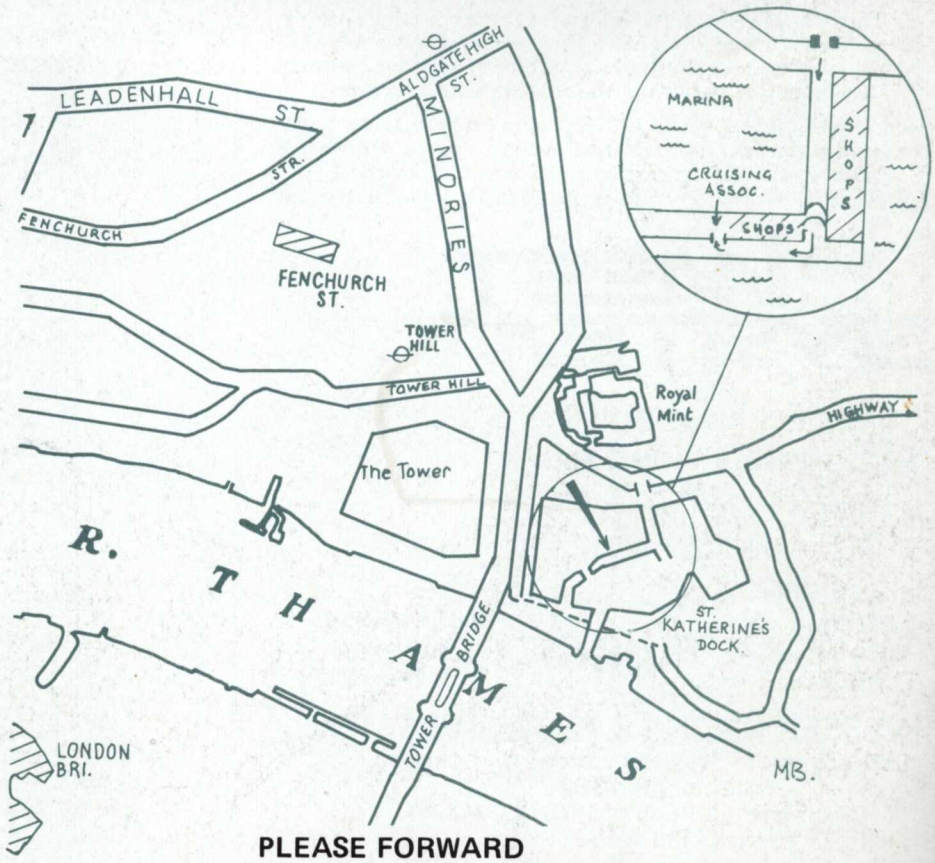
Readers. Hear Ye, Hear Ye! Do not forget the leading article — Jim's Column. The winter meeting/ AGM will be held at St. Katherine's Dock on the **second** Saturday of the London Boat Show, 12.1.85. beginning at 4.30 p.m. Give yourself plenty of daylight time to wander around, looking around at the Thames Barges, Historic Ships and expensive yachts before going into Ivory House. The 'Cruising Association' Hall is up a flight of stairs. (see map)

We have the hall from 4.30 p.m. to 11 p.m. until 6 p.m. we will meet, exchange news, photos, have informal discussions etc. like we used to have at the Richmond Centre. From 6-7 p.m. business. At 7.30, Ken Payne of 'Wessex Resins and Adhesives' will give a lecture on West Epoxy. He has been in the 'Adhesive trade' for 30 years. So, questions on resorcinol and other adhesives will be accepted and fully answered.

There is a film of the building and sailing of Jan Fabricius' TEHINI in Denmark. There should be time for 2 or 3 other 20–30 min. talks from any builder or sailor with slides and/ or super 8 film to show. (We will provide a slide projector and a super 8 sound projector).

Many people are shy of giving a talk. It is much easier than you think. Practise it at home, cut out the repetition, especially dozens of photos of the same scene, and, remember, you are talking to friends. Do not hesitate to ring us here at Truro: (0872) 864792 or contact us, if possible, at the London Boat Show (Stand N3 — opposite the PBO) if you have interesting material for a talk.

The new annual Winter Meeting venue amongst sailing ships, with more time and privacy available, has been selected to get the vibrancy and excitement of the meetings that the PCA used to have in the Richmond Centre. Do turn up. A 100 attended the Summer Meeting. The aim is at least 101 for the Winter Meeting.



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